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TOM JONES.







Louisa Bevan







*FRONTISPIECE.*



*Tom Jones.*

THE  
HISTORY  
CH. 800/3:2  
OF  
TOM JONES,  
A FOUNDLING.

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ABRIDGED FROM THE WORKS OF  
*Henry Fielding, Esq.*

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1800

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THE

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THE  
HISTORY  
OF  
*TOM JONES.*

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CHAP. I.

**T**HERE lately lived in Somersetshire a worthy gentleman, whose name was Allworthy, who had a solid understanding, a sound constitution, and a benevolent heart, together with one of the largest estates in the county. In his youth he had married a beautiful lady of great merit, by whom he had three children, who all died in their infancy, and their loss was followed by that of his beloved wife, after whose death he chiefly resided in the country, with a sister, named Miss Bridget Allworthy, for whom he had a tender affection. She was somewhat about thirty, and was so far from regretting the want of beauty, that she would never mention that endowment without contempt; and was at the same time so d

creet, that she was as much on the guard as if she was surrounded with snares.

Mr. Allworthy had been a full quarter of a year in London, when returning home late in the evening, after a short supper, he retired, and having, according to his usual custom, spent some minutes on his knees, was preparing to step into bed, when, on opening the cloaths, to his great surprize, he beheld between the sheets an infant wrapt up in a profound sleep. Filled with astonishment, he stood gazing at it; and compassion for the little helpless object before him taking possession of his mind, he rang his bell, and ordered an elderly woman servant to rise and come immediately.

Lost in the contemplation of the beauty of sleeping innocence, he had forgot that he was undressed, and therefore the prudent woman, who was in the 52d year of her age, no sooner opened the door, than seeing her master standing by the bed, she stepped a little back. On which, recollecting himself, he slipped on his cloaths, and then told her she might come in.

Mrs. Deborah Wilkins, for that was her name, no sooner returned into the room, than being informed by her master of his finding the little infant, she appeared even in greater consternation than he had been; but he ordered her to take care of it for that night, saying, that in the morning he would give orders to provide it a nurse. The good woman now  
1  
exclaimed

exclaimed against the mother, whom she wished to see committed to Bridewell, and whipt at the cart's tail, saying she would warrant it was not her first, by her laying it to his worship. Laying it to me, Deborah, said Mr. Allworthy, I can't think she has any such design; I suppose she has only taken this method to provide for her child; and truly I am glad she has done no worse. The prudent house-keeper exclaimed, that though he knew his own innocence, the world was censorious; and should his worship provide for the child, it might make people the apter to believe; professing, that it went against her to touch those misbegotten wretches. Faugh! how it stinks! added she, it does not smell like a Christian. If I might be so bold as to give my advice, I would have it laid at the church-warden's door. It is a good night, only a little rainy and windy; and if it be put into a basket, and wrapt up warm, it may, probably, live till it is found in the morning: but if it should not, we have discharged our duty in taking proper care of it; and it is better, perhaps, for such creatures to die in a state of innocence, than to grow up and imitate their mother; for nothing better can be expected of them.

Mr. Allworthy, who paid little attention to what Mrs. Deborah said, had got one of his fingers into the infant's hand, which by a gentle pressure seemed to implore his assistance, with



a force more powerful than all her eloquence. He therefore ordered her to take the child with her to bed, and to call up a maid servant to provide it pap against it waked. Upon which Mrs. Deborah shewed such respect to her master's commands, that taking the child in her arms, she declared it was a sweet little infant, and took it to her own room.

The next morning Mr. Allworthy was summoned to breakfast by Miss Bridget's bell, when the usual compliments having passed, and the tea poured out, he summoned Mrs. Wilkins, telling his sister he had a present for her; for which she thanked him, imagining, perhaps, that it had been a gown, or some ornament; but how was she disappointed, when the good woman, according to the orders she had received, produced the infant! Great surprises are apt to produce silence, and Miss Bridget did not utter a syllable till her brother had told the whole story, which he concluded with owning a resolution to have the child brought up as his own. Mrs. Wilkins expected she would have vented much bitterness on this occasion, and proposed sending the child, as a kind of noxious animal, instantly out of the house; but, on the contrary, she shewed some compassion for the little helpless creature, and even commended her brother's charity. Mr. Allworthy leaving the room, Mrs. Wilkins stood silent, to take her cue from Miss Bridget, who having for some time looked

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ed earnestly at the child, as it lay asleep in Mrs. Wilkins's lap, could not forbear giving it a hearty kiss, expressing herself highly pleased with its beauty and innocence; which the good woman no sooner observed, than she in her turn fell to kissing it, crying in a shrill voice, O the dear, sweet, pretty creature! Well, I vow it is as fine a boy as ever was seen! Miss Bridget now gave orders for providing all necessaries for the child, in the most liberal manner, and appointed a good room for its nursery; but concluded with observing, that since it was her brother's whim to adopt the little brat, she supposed little master must be treated with great tenderness; but, for her part, she could not help thinking it was an encouragement to vice, but that she knew too much of the obstinacy of mankind to oppose any of their ridiculous humours.

Mrs. Wilkins having left the child in the nursery, by her master's desire, prepared to go to the neighbouring village in search of its mother; and on her arrival, went first to the habitation of an elderly matron, to whom she communicated the news of what had happened, and they both began to scrutinize the characters of all the girls that lived in the place, and at last fixed their strongest suspicions on one Jenny Jones. This girl was not indeed very handsome, but she had an uncommon share of understanding, which she improved by erudition; for she had lived several years a

servant to a schoolmaster, who finding that she had an extraordinary desire of learning, had the goodness or folly, which ever the reader pleases to call it, to give her a competent skill in the Latin tongue, an advantage that was attended with some small inconvenience, as it produced no little envy and ill will towards her in the bosoms of her neighbours, which however did not openly display itself, till poor Jenny, to the surprize of every body, and the vexation of all the young women in the parish, publicly shone forth on a Sunday in a new silk gown. Jenny had by her learning increased her own pride, which none of her neighbours were willing to feed with the honour she seemed to demand; and now, instead of respect, gained nothing by her finery but hatred and abuse, and the whole parish declared she could not come honestly by it. Besides, Jenny had lately been often at Mr. Allworthy's house, where she had officiated as nurse to Miss Bridget, in a violent fit of illness, and had been seen there the very day before Mr. Allworthy's return.

Jenny Jones was therefore sent for, and no sooner appeared, than Mrs. Deborah, assuming the gravity of a judge, began with, You audacious st. umpet,—and was proceeding, rather to pass sentence than to accuse the prisoner, when Jenny, in terms of contrition, confessed the fact with which she was charged. The bye-standers now cry'd out, They thought what

what madam's silk gown would end in ; while others sneered at her learning.

Mrs. Wilkins having met with better success in her enquiry than she expected, returned in triumph, and made a faithful report to Mr. Allworthy, who was greatly surprized ; for having heard of the girl's extraordinary improvements, he had intended to have given her in marriage to a neighbouring curate ; and therefore his concern was equal to his housekeeper's satisfaction. Mrs. Deborah was again dispatched, to bring the unhappy culprit before her master, not, as it was hoped and expected, in order to her being committed to the house of correction, but that he might give her some wholesome reproof and admonition.

Jenny being at length brought, Mr. Allworthy took her into his study, and spoke to her to the following purport : You are sensible, that as a magistrate, it is in my power to punish you, and may be more apt to fear I shall do it with the greater severity, as you have, in a manner, laid your sins at my door ; but as a magistrate should never be inflamed by private resentment, I will not consider your having left the infant in my house as an aggravation of your offence, but as proceeding from natural affection, and the hopes of seeing it provided for. I shall therefore only admonish you on the violation of your chastity, a crime which, however slightly treated by profligate and debauched people, is heinous in itself, and attended with  
dreadful

dreadful consequences. It is a crime committed in defiance of the laws of our religion, and of the express command of its author. What can be more dreadful than to incur the divine displeasure, by the breach of commands, against which the highest vengeance is denounced !— But a hint is here sufficient ; for I would inspire you with repentance, and not drive you to despair.

On the other hand, by this crime women are rendered infamous, and driven from the society of all but the wicked ; and are thus frequently forced by necessity into a state of shame and misery, that ends in their everlasting destruction. Can any pleasure compensate these evils ? or any carnal appetite so overpower reason as to prevent a woman's flying with affright and terror from a crime that is always attended with such punishments ? How base and mean must she be, how void of dignity of mind and decent pride, that can sacrifice all that is great and noble in her, all her heavenly part, to an appetite which she possesses in common with the brutes ! For, sure no woman will plead the passion of love for an excuse : For in what light but that of an enemy, can a reasonable woman regard the man who solicits her to entail on herself shame and misery ? If such a corrupter should have the impudence to pretend a real affection for her, ought not she to regard such a false, designing, treacherous, pretended friend, as the worst

worst of enemies? My design is not to insult you for what is past, but to caution and strengthen you for the future; nor should I take this trouble, was it not for my opinion of your good sense; and my hopes of your sincere repentance. If these do not deceive me, I will convey you to 'a place where you thall live unknown, and avoid the punishment allotted to your crime in this world; and I hope, by your repentance, escape the much heavier, denounced against it in the other. As to your child, I'll provide for it in a better manner than you can hope to do; but you must first inform me, who was the wicked man that seduced you, for I am much more offended at him than at you.

Jenny, now lifting up her eyes, answered, To know you, Sir, and not to love your goodness, would, in me, be the highest ingratitude; and I beg you to believe, that I take your advice much kinder than the generous offer with which you concluded it. You are pleased to say, Sir, it proceeds from your opinion of my understanding. I will endeavour to deserve your good opinion; for if I have the understanding you are so kindly pleased to allow me, such advice cannot be thrown away upon me. I heartily thank you, Sir, for your intended kindness to my poor helpless child; He is innocent, and, I hope, will live to be grateful for all the favours you will shew him. But on my knees I entreat you, added she

kneeling at his feet, not to persist in asking me to know my child's father. I faithfully promise you shall one day know; but I am now under the most solemn engagements of honour, as well as the most religious vows and protestations, to conceal his name. And I am sure you will not desire me to violate them.

Mr. Allworthy replied, that she had been to blame, to enter into such engagements with a villain; but since she had, he ought not to insist on her breaking them. The ingenuity of her behaviour made him readily believe what she told him; he therefore dismissed her, with assurances, that he would speedily remove her out of the disgrace she had incurred, and concluding with some additional exhortations, added, You ought, child, to consider, that you are still to reconcile yourself to one whose favour is of infinitely more importance to you than mine.

Miss Bridget, and Mrs. Deborah, had, without being seen, listened to all that passed, with their ears to the key-hole. But both kept silence during the scene; and it was no sooner ended, and that gentleman gone, than the housekeeper exclaimed at her master's clemency, and especially against his suffering the slut to conceal the child's father. At this Miss Bridget, smiling, commended the honour and spirit with which Jenny acted, and observed, there was some merit in the sincerity of her confession, and her regard to her vows and promises;

promises; and she did not doubt but she had been induced by some rascal, who was infinitely more to blame than she. Mrs. Deborah now tacking about, said, she must own she could not help admiring the girl's spirit as well as her ladyship; and that if she had been deceived by some wicked man, she was to be pitied. As to Jenny, she returned home well pleased, and, by the care and goodness of Mr. Allworthy, was soon removed out of the reach of reproach.

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## CHAP. II.

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**B**OTH Mr. Allworthy's heart and house were open, particularly to men of merit, genius, and learning, and it is no wonder, that persons of these qualifications should appear, when they were sure of being received with great complaisance, and of enjoying almost the same advantages of a liberal fortune, if his estate was their own. Even those men of learning, who from their indigent circumstances were glad of such abode, were welcome to reside there.

Among these last was Doctor Blifil, a gentleman, whose father obstinately persisting in obliging him in his youth to study physic, which he disliked, was become master of almost every other science, but that by which



he was to get his bread, in consequence of which, the Doctor, at the age of forty, had no bread to eat: But this circumstance entitled him to a welcome at Mr. Allworthy's table. The Doctor had also a great appearance of religion, and this part of his character not only pleased Mr. Allworthy, but delighted Miss Bridget, who had read much divinity, and had puzzled several of the neighbouring curates. She engaged with him in many religious controversies, and constantly expressed great satisfaction in his knowledge, and not much less in the compliments he paid her. At length the Doctor found himself so agreeable to Miss Bridget, that he began to lament his being married to another woman who was still alive, which was an insuperable bar to the happiness he might probably attain with this young lady: But he recollected he had a brother, who having no such incapacity, he did not doubt would succeed. He was about thirty-five years of age, of a middle size, and well built, and though his countenance, as well as his air and voice, had much roughness in it, he could at any time appear all gentleness and good humour. He had been designed for holy orders, but after his father's death he purchased the post of a lieutenant of dragoons, and rose to be a captain, but having quarreled with his colonel, was obliged to sell out, from which time he had betaken himself to the study of the Scriptures; it seemed therefore not unlikely

likely that he should succeed with a lady of such a saint-like disposition. The Doctor therefore sent for his brother, and easily introduced him at Mr. Allworthy's as one who intended only a short visit to himself; and the Captain, who had received proper hints from his brother, had not been above a week in the house before the Doctor had occasion to felicitate himself on his discernment.

The Captain, ever since his arrival, and his brother's having proposed the match to him, had been greatly enamoured, not of Miss Bridget, but of Mr. Allworthy's house and gardens, lands and tenements; for which he was grown so passionately fond, that he would probably have contracted marriage with them, had he been obliged to have taken the Witch of *Endor* into the bargain. The charms of the Captain's conversation had all the effect that could be desired, and he no sooner perceived Miss Bridget's passion, than he faithfully returned it; for as Mr. Allworthy had declared, that he never intended to marry again, and that as his sister was his nearest relation, a child of her's should be his heir, the Doctor and his brother esteemed it an act of benevolence to give a being to a human creature who would be so plentifully provided for.

The Captain soon found means to make his addresses in express terms, and received, according to the proper form, a denial, on

which he repeated his application with greater warmth and earnestness, while the lady, with great propriety, decreased in the expressions of her refusal. Mean while the Captain preserved great distance of behaviour to his lady, while in Mr. Allworthy's presence; and the greater success he had with her in private, the more reserved he appeared in public: while the lady, having secured her lover, behaved to him before company with the appearance of the greatest indifference. In short, affairs were managed with such discretion, that in less than a month the Captain and Miss Bridget were man and wife.

They were now under much concern how to break the matter to Mr. Allworthy; but this great point was undertaken by the Doctor. He, meeting Mr. Allworthy in the garden, began with the appearance of great concern to inform him, that he had an affair of the utmost consequence to impart to him, but was at a loss how to mention it. He launched forth into bitter invectives against men and women, and accused the former of being solely attached to their own interest, exclaiming, that the Captain should be no longer a brother of his. But the benevolent Mr. Allworthy, whose constant maxim it was to make the best of every thing that happened, observed, that his sister was old enough to be at the age of discretion, and to know what would make her most happy; and that though the Captain was not quite equal

equal to her in fortune, if he had any perfections in her eye, which made up that deficiency, he should not object to her choice of her own happiness; which he, no more than she, imagined to consist only in immense wealth; but that he might have expected to have been consulted on the occasion.

The Doctor launched forth in praise of Mr. Allworthy's goodness, and the highest encomiums on his friendship; and concluded with saying, he could never forgive his brother for having put the place he bore in that friendship to hazard. On which Mr. Allworthy answered, that had he conceived any displeasure against his brother, he should never have carried that resentment to the innocent. Your brother, added he, appears to be a man of sense and honour. I don't disapprove my sister's taste; nor will I doubt her being equally the object of his inclination.

The Doctor, on his leaving Mr. Allworthy, went to inform his brother of what had passed, and added with a smile, I promise you, I paid you off; nay, I absolutely desired the good gentleman not to forgive you; for you know, after his having made a declaration in your favour, I might safely venture on such a request with one of his temper, and was willing, for both our sakes, to prevent the least possibility of a suspicion.

It is a maxim, left by Satan to his disciples, that as soon as you have made your fortune by

good offices of a friend, to discard him. Thus the Captain was no sooner possessed of Miss Bridget, and reconciled to Mr. Allworthy, than he began to treat his brother with a coldness, and disrespect, which at length became visible to every one. The doctor, in private, remonstrated on his behaviour, but was told by the Captain, that if he disliked any thing in his brother's house, he was at liberty to leave it. This cruel behaviour absolutely broke the Doctor's heart: for ingratitude never pierces so deep, as when it proceeds from those in whose behalf we have been guilty of transgressions. Mr. Allworthy himself, spoke to the Captain in his brother's favour, and desired to know what offence he had committed, when the villain told him, he should never forgive the injury he had endeavoured to do him in his favour, which he pretended he had pumped out of him. But Mr. Allworthy expressed such resentment against an unforgiving temper, that the Captain at last pretended to yield, and profess a reconciliation; but found so many opportunities of privately insulting the poor Doctor, that the house grew insupportable to him, and pretending some excuse of business, he took leave of Mr. Allworthy and went to London, where he died soon after of a broken heart.

Mrs. Blifil was at length delivered of a fine boy, which, though it gave great joy to Mr. Allworthy, did not alienate his affections from the

the little Foundling, to whom he had been godfather, and had given him his own name of Thomas, and whom he constantly visited once a day, in the nursery; and he now proposed that the new-born infant should be bred up with little Tommy; to which the lady, with some little reluctance, consented. The Captain now gave Mr. Allworthy frequent hints, that to adopt the fruits of sin, was to countenance it. He quoted texts of scripture, as, He visits the sins of the fathers upon the children; and thence argued the lawfulness of punishing the crime of the parent on the bastard; but the benevolent Mr. Allworthy was a warm advocate in defence of innocence.

While the Captain was thus endeavouring to injure the little Foundling, Mrs. Wilkins made a discovery, more dangerous to poor Tommy than all the Captain's reasonings. As this discovery was of great consequence, it may be necessary to trace it from the fountain head.

It has been already observed, that Jenny Jones had lived some years with a certain school-master, who had instructed her in Latin. The school-master was one of the best-natured fellows in the world; and being a man of much pleasantry, the neighbouring gentlemen were fond of his company, which making him neglect his school, he had but few scholars, which induced him to perform likewise the offices of Clerk, and Barber; and Mr. Allworthy also gave him 10*l.* every Christmas.

Jenny had been four years servant to Mrs. Partridge, the school-master's wife, who had submitted to his teaching her, without repining; but one day at dinner, the master said to his maid, *Da mihi aliquid potum*: When the girl smiling, perhaps at the badness of the Latin, for he had made her more learned than himself, Mrs. Partridge falling into a fury, discharged the trencher on which she was eating at poor Jenny's head, crying, You impudent jade, do you play tricks with my husband before my face? and at the same instant rose with a knife in her hand, and would have executed a tragical revenge, had not the girl taken the advantage of being next to the door, and run away. Mean while the husband sat staring and trembling in his chair, till his wife, returning from the pursuit of Jenny, he was obliged to retreat, after the example of his maid. In consequence of this incident, Jenny, notwithstanding her protestations of innocence, was obliged to leave the house that night, and to pack up all her cloaths, and be gone; and Mr. Partridge, to please his helpmate, professed a satisfaction in her being dismissed.

After this fit of jealousy, Mr. Partridge and his wife had continued longer in a state of affability than usual; but perfect calms are always suspected by experienced mariners to be the forerunners of a storm. Mrs. Partridge was at a certain place of gossiping called the Chandler's shop, where being asked by one of her neighbours,

neighbours, if she had heard any news lately of Jenny Jones? she answered in the negative, and the other replied, that the parish was much obliged to her for having turned Jenny away as she did; adding, "Then you have not heard, it seems, of the girl's being brought to bed of two children; but as they are not born here, my husband, and the other overseers says, we shan't be obliged to keep them." Two children! cried Mrs. Partridge, you surprise me! I hope we shall not be obliged to keep them. The circumstances lately mentioned instantly arose to her mind; and being in a moment convinced of her husband's guilt, she went away in confusion; and finding Mr. Partridge at home fell upon him in a violent fury. His wig was instantly torn from his head, his shirt from his back, and from his face descended five streams of blood. The poor man, for some time, acted only on the defensive; but at last endeavoured to confine her arms, when her cap fell off in the struggle, and her hair being too short to reach her shoulders, stood erect on her head. Her face was marked with her husband's blood; her teeth gnashed with rage, and fire sparkled from her eyes; when being unable to prosecute her revenge, she fell into a fit. Partridge, upon this, ran into the street calling for assistance, when several good women obeying the summons, and applying the usual remedies, Mrs. Partridge, to the great joy of her husband, was brought



to herself. She was, however, no sooner restored, and relieved by a cordial, than she informed the company of the injuries she had received from the rogue her husband, who, not contented to injure her in other respects, had torn her cap and hair from her head, and her stays from her body; giving her, at the same time, such blows as she should carry the marks of to her grave. Mean while the poor man whose face bore more visible marks, with silent astonishment heard this accusation, he not having struck her once, till all the women began to revile him, frequently repeating, that none but a coward ever struck a woman. The Pedagogue bore all with great patience, till his wife appealing to the blood on her face, he could not help laying claim to his own, when the women cried out, it was a pity it had not come from his heart.

The story spread, and in a few days the whole country was informed, that the school-master of Little-Baddington had beaten his wife in the most cruel manner. In some places it was reported that he had murdered her; in others that he had broke her legs; and in others her arms. There were also different reports on the cause of the quarrel; some saying, that Mrs. Partridge had great reason to be jealous of her husband; while others affirmed, that he had equal cause to be jealous of his wife.

Mrs.

Mrs. Deborah had long heard of this quarrel, but as she had a wrong account of it, she thought proper to conceal it, till at length, having learned by accident the particulars, she informed the Captain that she had at last discovered the little Foundling's true father, and told him what she had heard. Captain Blifil shewed no satisfaction to Mrs. Deborah, though he was highly pleased, and resolved to make his advantage of it, but kept it for some time concealed, in hopes Mr. Allworthy would hear of it from some other person. At length, however, finding the story in danger of perishing, he took an opportunity to mention it himself. Being one day engaged with Mr. Allworthy in a discourse on charity, in which he endeavoured to shew that it did not consist in acts of beneficence, in which people are liable to be imposed upon, and to confer their choicest favours on the undeserving; which he observed, was Mr. Allworthy's case, in his bounty to that worthless fellow Partridge, adding, that two or three examples must make a good man timorous in bestowing, from the danger of incurring the guilt of supporting vice, a crime of the blackest die. Mr. Allworthy vindicated the cause of diffusive benevolence, with great spirit and argument; and at last concluded, by asking, who that Partridge was, whom he stigmatized with the title of a worthless fellow. Why, Partridge the school-master,

master, the barber, said the Captain, the father of the child you found in your bed.

Mr. Allworthy was greatly surprised at this intelligence, and the Captain expressed no less at his ignorance of it; upon which Mrs. Deborah was summoned, who having confirmed what the Captain had said, the school-master and his wife were sent for, and Mr. Allworthy being seated in the chair of justice, the criminal and his wife were brought before him, while Mrs. Deborah appeared as the accuser. The husband pleaded Not Guilty, and made many vehement protestations of his innocence; but the wife being examined, related all the circumstances with which we have acquainted the reader, and concluded with her husband's having confessed his guilt. Partridge still persisted in his innocence, but acknowledged his making that confession, into which he had been forced by her continual importunity, she having vowed, that as she was sure of his guilt, she would never cease tormenting him till he had confessed it; promising, that then she should never mention it to him any more. Hence, he said, he had falsely confessed himself guilty, though innocent; and from the same motive, he believed, he should have confessed a murder. Mrs. Partridge, now burst into tears, and in a torrent of abuse exclaimed against the barbarity and wickedness of her husband. Mr. Allworthy begged of her to be satisfied;

satisfied; and having in vain exhorted Mr. Partridge to confess, deferred the final determination of the affair till the arrival of Jenny, for whom he immediately dispatched a messenger; and having recommended peace between Partridge and his wife, though he chiefly addressed himself to the wrong person, he ordered them to attend him three days after, he having sent Jenny a day's journey from his own house. The parties assembled at the time appointed; when the messenger, bringing word that Jenny had left her habitation a few days before, in company with a recruiting officer, Mr. Allworthy declared, that the evidence of such a vile slut would deserve little credit; and that if she declared the truth, she must have confirmed what so many circumstances, added to his own confession, and his wife's declaration, were sufficient to prove. He therefore declared himself satisfied of his guilt, and of his being too bad a man to receive encouragement; and instantly deprived him of his annuity, recommending to him repentance and industry.

Partridge thus lost the best part of his income by the evidence of his wife, and yet she daily upbraided him with his being the occasion of their being deprived of it. Partridge, now, in a manner, abandoning himself to despair, and losing the little school he had, he and his wife would have wanted bread, had not the charity of some unknown person provided

them with what was just sufficient for their support, which Mr. Allworthy sent by a private hand. Partridge, however, soon found his miseries lessened, by being deprived of his wife, who died of the small-pox ; on which he left the country.

Though the Captain had compleated the ruin of poor Partridge, he was so far from getting the Foundling turned out of the house, that Mr. Allworthy appeared every day fonder of little Tommy. This, and the other daily instances of that gentleman's generosity, greatly soured the Captain's temper, he considering all this bounty as a diminution of his own wealth. In this he did not agree with his wife. The Captain, who, in their various disputes on divinity and other subjects, had always given up his opinions to that of the lady, now grew weary of this condescension, and began to treat her opinions with that haughtiness and insolence, which none but those who deserve some contempt themselves, can bestow. The lady saw this alteration in his behaviour, and was far from enduring the indignity with a tame submission. She was at first highly provoked ; but her resentment subsided into a perfect contempt for her husband's understanding, and a hatred of his person. He, indeed, had a very mean opinion of the whole sex ; and it was always a sufficient reason to either of them, to be obstinate in any opinion, when the other had previously asserted

serted the contrary. If any amusement was proposed by one, the other always objected to it: They never loved or hated the same person; and therefore, as the Captain looked on the little Foundling with an evil eye, his wife began to caress it, almost as much as her own child. They were, however, much on their guard before their brother.

The Captain made himself amends for the unpleasant minutes he passed in the conversation of his wife, which were as few as possible, by the pleasant meditations he enjoyed alone. He spent much thought in calculating the exact value of Mr. Allworthy's fortune; and these calculations he frequently saw reason to alter in his own favour. He likewise pleased himself with intended alterations in the house and gardens, and projecting schemes for the improvement of the estate. For this purpose he applied himself to the study of architecture and gardening, and at last compleated a most excellent plan.

As the only thing then wanting to enable him to execute the grand schemes he had laid, was Mr. Allworthy's death, he purchased every book extant, that treats of the value of lives and reversions; and spending much time in calculations, was fully convinced, that as there was a chance of this happening every day, so he had more than equal chance of his coming into the possession of all within a few years. But while the Captain was one evening taking

his walk by himself, busied in deep contemplations of this kind, at the instant when his heart was exulting in meditations on the happiness he should obtain from Mr. Allworthy's death, he was seized with an apoplexy, and instantly took measure of that proportion of soil which was now sufficient for his future purposes.

Mr. Allworthy, with his sister, and a lady who was a visitor, had waited a considerable time for the Captain to come to supper, and at last growing uneasy, orders were given that the bell should be rung without the doors; but this producing no effect, Mr. Allworthy himself went in search of him, and sent the servants different ways; for, as he was always punctual at his meals, they were certain that something must have happened. At length Mr. Allworthy returned, with a countenance filled with consternation; on which Mrs. Blifil began to bewail herself in very bitter terms, accompanied with floods of tears. At this instant a servant came running in, out of breath, and cried the Captain was found, and before he could proceed, was followed by two more, bearing the dead body between them, which Mrs. Blifil no sooner saw, than giving a violent shriek, she fell into a fit. The room was instantly full of servants, some of whom were employed in taking care of the widow, while others assisted in carrying the Captain to a warm bed.

The

The doctors being about to take their leave, Mr. Allworthy, who had continued by the dead body, enquired after his sister, whom he desired them to visit before their departure. She had, by this time, recovered from her fit, on which they felt her pulse, prescribed for her, and continued to attend her during a month, all which time she was attended by nurses, and received constant messages from her acquaintance, to enquire after her health. The Captain being interred, and the decent time for sickness and grief being at length expired, the doctors were dismissed, and the lady began to see company, with no other alteration in her person, but what she received from the sable colour of sadness. The lady afterwards conducted herself according to the strictest rules of decorum, suiting the alterations of her countenance to those of her habit: For as this changed from weeds to black, from black to grey, and from grey to white, so her countenance, changed from dismal to sorrowful, from sorrowful to sad, and from sad to serious, till the moment came in which she was allowed to resume her former serenity.



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### CHAP. III.

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**T**HE dispositions of Tom Jones and master Blifil, by the time they came to be about fourteen years of age, appeared extremely different. Master Blifil was sober, discreet, and grave beyond his age; and these qualities gained him the love of all who knew him: while Jones was so unlucky and mischievous, that he was universally disliked, and had not one friend amongst the servants except the game-keeper, who was a fellow of a loose disposition.

Little Jones one day went a shooting with the game-keeper, and happening to spring a covey of partridges near the edge of a manor belonging to Mr. Western, a gentleman extremely zealous for the preservation of the game, the birds flew into it, among some furze bushes, two or three hundred yards beyond Mr. Allworthy's estate. The fellow had received strict orders from his master never to commit any trespass on his neighbour, on pain of forfeiting his place; but at this time the young sportsman being excessive eager to pursue

sue the game, was so importunate, that he yielded to his persuasions, and entering the manor, shot one of the partridges. Unluckily Mr. Western was then on horseback, at a little distance, and hearing the report, rode towards the place, and discovered poor Tom, for the game-keeper had the good fortune to hide himself. The gentleman having searched the lad, and found the partridge, swore he would acquaint Mr. Allworthy, and immediately rode to his house, where he complained of the trespass on his manor in as high terms, and as bitter language, as if his house had been broke open, and he had lost his most valuable furniture; and added, that some other person was in his company, though he could not discover him, for two guns had been fired almost in the same instant.

Tom had no sooner returned home, than he was summoned before Mr. Allworthy, to whom he owned the fact, alledging no other excuse but what was really true, that the covey was originally sprung in Mr. Allworthy's own manor; but absolutely denied that he had any body with him. The game-keeper being, however, suspected, was sent for, and he relying on Tom's promise to take all upon himself, maintained that he had not seen him the whole afternoon. On which Mr. Allworthy, with great anger in his countenance, again exhorted Tom to confess who was with him; but he still persisting in his resolution, Mr. All-

worthy gave him till the next morning to consider of it, when he should be questioned by another person, and in another manner.

The unhappy youth spent a very melancholy night ; and in the morning, when he attended the reverend Mr. Thwackum, the person to whom Mr. Allworthy had committed the instruction of the two boys, the same questions were put to him by that gentleman, which he had been asked the evening before, and on his returning the same answers, he received a most severe whipping, which Tom bore with surprizing fortitude, though between every stroke his master asked him whether he would not confess. Tom's master had carried his severity much farther than Mr. Allworthy intended, who beginning now to suspect that the 'Squire was mistaken, sent for Tom, and after many kind exhortations, told him, that he had wronged him, and was sorry he had been so severely punished, and then gave him a little horse to make him amends. Tom could more easily bear the lashes of Thwackum, than Mr. Allworthy's generosity. He burst into tears, and falling on his knees, cried, O Sir, you are too good to me, indeed you are ; indeed I don't deserve it ; and from the fullness of his heart had almost betrayed the secret ; but the consideration of what might be the consequence to the poor fellow sealed his lips.

A few

A few days after, a difference arising at play between Master Blifil and Tom, the former called Tommy a beggarly bastard; upon which the latter, being somewhat passionate in his disposition, gave him a blow on the face, and Master Blifil, with the blood running from his nose, and the tears galloping after, appeared before his uncle, and an indictment of assault, battery, and wounding, was immediately preferred against Tom, who in his excuse, only pleaded the provocation, which indeed was all his accuser had committed. Master Blifil positively insisted that he had not made use of any such words. Tom insisted that he had; on which Master Blifil replied, those who will tell one fib will hardly stick at another. If I had told my master such a wicked fib as you have done, I should be ashamed to shew my face. Thwackum eagerly asked what fib? Why, he told you, said he, that nobody was with him when he killed the partridge, but he knows, for he confessed it to me, that black George, the game-keeper, was there; deny it if you can.

Upon this, Mr. Allworthy, turning towards Tom, said, Is this true, child? How came you to persist so obstinately in a falsehood? Tom answered, he scorned a lie as much as any body; but he thought his honour engaged; for he had promised the poor fellow to conceal him, because he begged him not to go into the gentleman's manor, and had at last gone him-

self, only in compliance with his persuasions. This, he said, was the whole truth, and he concluded with earnestly begging Mr. Allworthy to have compassion on the poor fellow's family, especially as he himself had only been guilty, and the other had with difficulty been prevailed on to do what he did. Indeed, Sir, added he, it could hardly be called a lie, for the poor fellow was entirely innocent. I should have gone alone after the birds: Nay, I did go at first, and he only followed me, to prevent more mischief. Do, pray Sir, forgive poor George. Mr. Allworthy, after a few moments hesitation, advised them to live more friendly and peaceably together, and then dismissed them. Thwackum was very desirous of giving Tom another whipping; but Mr. Allworthy declared, that he thought the boy deserved reward rather than punishment. He, however, behaved with greater severity towards the game-keeper, whom he summoned before him; and after many reproaches, paid him his wages, and dismissed him from his service: for he was of opinion, that there was a great difference between being guilty of a falsehood to excuse one's self, and to excuse another. But the principal motive of his severity was, the fellow's having basely suffered poor Tom to undergo so heavy a punishment for his sake, when he ought to have prevented it, by making the discovery himself.

Mrs.

Mrs. Blifil had shewed little affection for her son, which was, perhaps, owing to the aversion she had entertained for her husband, till a reconciliation was produced by death; and on these youths growing up, she apparently discovered a greater regard for Tom; which Mr. Allworthy no sooner perceived, than poor Jones began to sink in his affections, as he rose in her's.

The little horse Tom had received for smart-money, he kept somewhat above a year, and then riding to a neighbouring fair, sold him. At his return, Thwackum insisted on knowing what he had done with the money, but Tom would not tell him; on which Thwackum declared that he would have it out of his breech, a place to which he always applied for information on every doubtful occasion. Poor Tom was therefore mounted on a footman's back; but at this instant Mr. Allworthy entering the room, gave him a reprieve, and taking him into another apartment, put the same question to him which Thwackum had asked before. Dear Sir, said he, I know the obligations I have to you, and should detest myself, if I thought my heart capable of ingratitude. Could the little horse you gave me speak, he would tell you how fond I was of your present. It went to my heart to part with him, nor would I have sold him upon any other account; and were you in my case, you would have done the same: For none ever so sensible

felt the misfortunes of others ; and what, dear Sir, would you feel, if you thought yourself the occasion?—Indeed, Sir, never was any misery like theirs—Like whose, child? what do you mean? replied Mr. Allworthy. O Sir, answered Tom, your poor game-keeper, with his large family, have ever since you turned him away been perishing with cold and hunger. I could not bear to see them naked and starving, while I knew myself the occasion of all their sufferings. Then bursting into tears, he added, Sir, I parted with your dear present to save them from destruction, notwithstanding all the value I had for it, and they have all the money. The tears started into Mr. Allworthy's eyes, and he stood silent; but presently dismissed him with a gentle rebuke, to apply to him in cases of distress, rather than to make use of extraordinary means to relieve them.

Soon after an action was brought by 'Squire Western against the game-keeper, which was a most unfortunate circumstance, as it prevented Mr. Allworthy from restoring him to his favour: For one evening, that gentleman walking out with Master Blifil and young Jones, the latter artfully drew him to black George's house, where his wife and children were found in all the misery with which cold, hunger, and nakedness can affect human creatures. Mr. Allworthy was filled with pity, and immediately gave the mother a couple of guineas! on which the poor woman burst into tears,

and while she was thanking him, could not refrain from expressing her gratitude to Tom, who, she said, had preserved both her and hers from starving and that they had not a morsel to eat, nor a rag to put on, but what they had obtained from his goodness. On their way home, Tom exerted all his eloquence to display the wretchedness of these people, and the penitence of black George; and met with such success, that Mr. Allworthy promised to forgive him, and think of some means of providing for him and his family. At this news Tom was so delighted, that though it was dark when they returned home, he could not help going back a mile to acquaint the poor woman with the joyful tidings. But black George's ill fortune made use of the very opportunity of Tom's absence to defeat his intentions.

Master Blifil, though he had kept silence in Tom's presence, could not bear to think of his uncle's conferring favours on the undeserving, and therefore informed his uncle of the following circumstance. Before Tom had sold the horse, the game-keeper passing through a field belonging to Mr. Western, espied a hare sitting in her form, and being in want of bread, had basely and barbarously knocked the hare on the head, and sold her to a higgler, who being taken up several months after, was obliged to make his peace with the 'Squire by becoming evidence against some poachers; and therefore fixed upon black George, as the



best sacrifice he could make, on account of his having supplied him with no game since. Master Blifil, in telling this story, had forgot the distance of the time; he also varied in the manner of the fact; and by the addition of the single letter S. considerably altered the story; for he said that George had wired hares. But these alterations might have been set right, had not Master Blifil, before he revealed the affair, insisted on Mr. Allworthy's promising him secrecy.

The joy of these poor people was but short lived; for the next morning Mr. Allworthy declared, that he had fresh reason for his anger, and forbid Tom to mention George any more, whom he would leave to the law, though he would endeavour to keep his family from starving. But Tom's friendship was not to be tired out by disappointments, and he resolved to try another method of preserving the fellow from ruin. He had lately grown very intimate with Mr. Western, to whom he had recommended himself, by leaping over five barred gates, and other acts of sportsmanship. Hence he was a most welcome guest at his table, and a favourite companion in his sport; and every thing which the 'Squire held most dear, as his guns, dogs, and horses, were as much at Jones's command, as if they had been his own. He had also some influence on the 'Squire's daughter; a young lady possessed of many accomplishments.

Sophia

Sophia, who was Mr. Western's only child, was of about seventeen years of age, and was of a middle size, or rather inclining to tall, with a shape exact, and extremely delicate. She had a fine face; her eye-brows were full, even, and arched, and her black eyes had a lustre, which all her softness could not extinguish. Her nose was exactly regular, and her mouth, in which were two rows of ivory, was extremely beautiful. Her cheeks were oval, and in her right she had a dimple, which the least smile discovered. Her chin had its share in forming the beauty of her face. As to her complexion, it had rather more of the lily than of the rose; but when her natural colour was increased by exercise or modesty, no vermillion could equal it. Her neck was long and finely turned, and the finest cambrick might be supposed from envy to cover that bosom, which was much whiter than itself. Her mind was every way equal to her person, and rendered her completely lovely. Her father was fonder of her than of any other human creature. To her, therefore, Tom Jones applied in behalf of the game-keeper.

In order to shew the propriety of Tom's conduct, it may be proper to mention some circumstances previous to this affair. The different tempers of Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Western did not admit of a very intimate correspondence; yet as they lived upon a decent footing, the young people of both families had

been acquainted from their infancy. Tom, when very young, had presented Sophia with a little bird, which he had taken from the nest, nursed up, and taught to sing. Sophia, who was then about thirteen years old, was so extremely fond of this bird, that her chief pleasure was to feed and tend it, by which means little Tommy, for so the bird was called, became so tame, that it would feed out of her hand, perch upon her finger, and lie contented in her bosom, though she always kept a small string about its leg.

One day when Mr. Allworthy and his family dined at Mr. Western's, Master Blifil being in the garden with little Sophia, and observing the extraordinary fondness she shewed for her bird, desired her to trust it for a moment in his hands. Sophia presently complied with the young gentleman's request, and after some previous caution, delivered him her bird, which he had no sooner in his possession, than slipping the string from its leg, he tossed it into the air, and the foolish animal, forgetting all the favours it had received from Sophia, flew directly from her, and perched on a bough at some distance.

Sophia immediately screamed out so loud, that Tom Jones, who was a little distant, instantly ran to her assistance, and was no sooner informed of what had happened, than calling Blifil a pitiful malicious rascal, he stripped off his coat and climbed the tree, to which the bird

bird had escaped. He had almost recovered his little namesake, when the branch on which it was perched, and that extended over a canal, broke, and the poor boy was soused over head and ears in the water. Sophia apprehending his life to be in danger, screamed ten times louder than before, and was also seconded by Master Blifil. The company, who were sitting in a room next the garden, being instantly alarmed, came all running; but just as they had reached the canal, the water being pretty shallow Tom reached the shore. Mr. Allworthy immediately asked Master Blifil the reason of this disturbance, when he answered that he had Miss Sophia's bird in his hand, and thinking the poor creature languished for liberty, he could not forbear giving it what it desired; but that if he imagined Miss Sophia would have been so concerned at it, he would never have done it; nor would he, if he had known what would have happened to the poor bird; for when Master Jones, who had climbed up the tree after it, fell into the water, the bird took a second flight, and presently a nasty hawk carried it away.

Sophia, on hearing of her Tommy's fate, which her concern for Jones had prevented her seeing, shed a shower of tears, when Mr. Allworthy endeavoured to remove her grief by promising her a much finer bird; but she said she would never have another. Her father blamed her immoderate grief; but told

young Blifil, that was he his son, his backside should smart for it.

From this time Sophia began to have some little kindness for Tom Jones, and no little aversion for Blifil. She observed, that though Tom was an idle, thoughtless, rattling rascal, he was nobody's enemy but his own; and that Master Blifil, though a prudent, discreet, sober young gentleman, was, at the same time, extremely mercenary and selfish. After this event, Sophia had been absent upwards of three years with her aunt, who took care of her education. The young lady was now returned to her father, who gave her the command of his house. She still considered Tom, who was at this time about twenty years of age, as a youth of a noble spirit, while she had a very contemptible opinion of Blifil. Things were in this situation, when Tom, one afternoon, finding Sophia alone, began with a serious face to inform her, that he had a favour to ask, which he hoped her good nature would comply with. The young lady perhaps suspected, he intended to make love to her: for her colour forsook her cheeks, and her limbs trembled; but he soon relieved her from her perplexity, by informing her of his request, which was to solicit her interest on behalf of the game-keeper, whose own ruin, and that of a large family, must be the consequence of her father's continuing his prosecution against him,

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The young lady instantly recovered from her confusion, and with a smile full of sweetness told him, she would do it with all her heart, and that she really pitied the poor fellow, and had the day before sent a small matter to his wife. Emboldened with this success, Tom resolved to push the matter still farther, and begged that she would recommend him to her father's service. This she promised to attempt, and to do whatever she could for the poor fellow, concluding, that in return she had a favour to ask of him. Tom expressed the joy she had given him, and taking her hand, protested, that he would sacrifice his life to oblige her, and eagerly kissed it. The blood, which had before forsaken her cheeks, now rushed over her face and neck with such violence, that they were tinged with scarlet. She now, for the first time, felt a sensation, to which she had before been a stranger. As soon as she could recover herself, she told him, that the favour she had to request, was, not to lead her father through so many dangers in hunting; for, whenever they went out together, she was under the most dreadful apprehensions, and expected to see him some time or other brought home with broken limbs. She therefore desired, that, for her sake, he would be more cautious; and as he well knew Mr. Western would follow him, not to ride so madly, nor to take those dangerous leaps for the future. Tom faithfully

promised to obey her commands; and after returning her his thanks, took his leave, and went away highly charmed with his success.

Every afternoon it was Mr. Western's custom, as soon as he grew tipsey, to engage his daughter to play to him on the harpsichord; for he was a great lover of music, but his favourite tunes were *Bobbing-Joan*, *St. George he was for England*, *Old Sir Simon the King*, and the like; for though his daughter was a perfect mistress of musick, and would never willingly have played any but Handell's, yet she had learned those tunes to oblige him. She would, however, now and then, endeavour to lead him into her own taste; and when he required a repetition of his ballads, would often desire him to let her play something else. This evening, however, when he had retired from his bottle, without any solicitation, she played all his favourites three times over, which so pleased the 'Squire, that, starting from his couch, he gave her a kiss, and swore her hand was vastly improved. She took this opportunity to make good her promise to Tom, in which she had such success, that the 'Squire declared if she would give him the other bout of *Old Sir Simon*, he would give the game-keeper his deputation next morning. *Sir Simon* was played again and again, till the charms of the music soothed the gentleman to sleep. Sophia did not fail the next morning to remind him of his promise; and his attorney was instantly

stantly sent for, and he being ordered to stop any farther proceedings, the fellow was made Mr. Western's game-keeper.

Tom's success made great noise, some applauding it as an act of good nature, and others observing, that it was no wonder, that one idle fellow should love another. Blifil represented it, as flying in Mr. Allworthy's face, and declared, with great concern, that it was impossible to find any other motive for doing good to such a wretch; and Thwackum declared himself of the same opinion. Mr. Allworthy was not, however, moved by the invidious turn they gave it; for he declared himself well satisfied with what Jones had done, and added, that the perseverance and integrity of his friendship was highly commendable.

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## CHAP. IV.

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AS Mr. Western's fondness for Sophia daily increased, he became unwilling to leave her company; and as he was equally fond of hunting, he contrived to enjoy both these pleasures together, by insisting on her riding a hunting with him. Though Sophia had not the least delight in a sport, which was of too rough



rough and masculine a nature to suit with her disposition, yet she readily complied with his desires ; for his word was a law to her ; and she hoped, by her presence, to restrain his impetuosity, and prevent his so frequently hazarding his neck.

One day, when they were returning from the chace, and she was arriv~~ed~~ within a small distance of Mr. Western's house, her horse, whose mettlesome spirit required a better rider, began to prance and caper in such a manner, that she was in the greatest danger of falling. Tom Jones, who saw this, galloped up to her assistance, leaped from his horse, and caught hold of hers by the bridle ; when the unruly beast rearing himself on his hind legs, threw his lovely burthen, and Tom happily caught her in his arms.

Sophia was in such a fright, that she was not immediately able to satisfy her deliverer, whether she had received any hurt. She, however, soon after recovered her spirits, and thanked him for the care he had taken of her. Jones replied, if I have preserved you, madam, I am sufficiently repaid ; for I assure you, I would have secured you from the least harm, at the expence of a much greater misfortune to myself than I have suffered. What misfortune, returned Sophia, eagerly ? Don't be concerned, madam, answered Jones ; Heaven be praised you have escaped so well, considering the danger you were in ; I consider my  
breaking

breaking my arm as a trifle, in comparison of what I feared on your account. Broke your arm! Heaven forbid, cried Sophia! I am afraid I have, Madam, said Jones; but I have a right hand at your service, to help you into the next field, whence we have but a short walk to your father's house. The lovely Sophia seeing his left arm dangling by his side, while he was leading her with the other, turned pale, and trembled, so that Jones could scarce support her; and she could not refrain from giving him a look so full of tenderness, that it seemed to express even more than gratitude and pity alone could excite in the gentlest female bosom.

Mr. Western, who had been alarmed by meeting his daughter's horse without its rider, now returned with the rest of the horsemen, when Sophia informing him of Mr. Jones's misfortune, begged him to take care of him. He was overjoyed to find her unhurt, and cried, I am glad it is no worse. If Tom has broken his arm, we will get a joiner to mend it again! The 'Squire then alighted from his horse, and proceeded with them on foot to his own house. An impartial spectator, on viewing their several countenances, would have concluded that Sophia alone was the object of compassion, for Jones exulted in his having probably saved the life of the young lady, at the expence only of a broken bone, while Mr. Western, though not unconcerned at Jones's accident.

accident, was also greatly delighted at his daughter's escape. It is, however, certain, that this accident had a greater effect on Sophia; for the generosity of her temper construed this behaviour into great bravery, and made a deep impression on her heart. At this very time the charming Sophia made no less impression on the heart of Jones, who had for some time become sensible of her irresistible power.

On their entering Mr. Western's hall, Sophia, who had tottered along with great difficulty, sunk down in a chair, but by the help of hartshorn and water was prevented from fainting, and had pretty well recovered her spirits, when the surgeon, who was sent for to Jones, appeared. The 'Squire, who imputed these symptoms to her fall, advised her presently to be let blood, in which he was seconded by the surgeon. The lady, though at the first offered some objections, soon yielded to her father's command. The surgeon imputing the backwardness she had shewn to her fears, assured her, that there was not the least danger, and Sophia declared, that she was not under any apprehensions; adding, that if he opened an artery, she would forgive him. On which Mr. Western swore he would not, and that if he did her the least mischief, he would have his heart's blood. The surgeon assented to bleed her upon these conditions, and performed the operation with great dexterity and quickness; and

and her arm was no sooner bound up, than she retired; for she could not bear to be present at the operation on Jones. One objection she had to bleeding, though she did not make it, was the delay it would occasion to setting the broken bone; but when she was concerned, Mr. Western had no consideration for any but her.

The surgeon having caused his patient to be stripped to his shirt, and bared the arm, began to stretch and examine it in such a manner, that the tortures he put him to caused him to make several wry faces, at which the surgeon seemed surprised, and declared it was impossible for him to hurt him. Then holding forth the broken arm, he held a long and learned lecture, in which simple and double fractures were accurately considered. At length, having finished his laboured harangue, which raised the attention and admiration of the audience, though they did not understand a single word, he proceeded to business, and Mr. Jones's arm being set, he was ordered to bed; which Mr. Western compelled him to accept at his own house.

Mr. Jones had many visitors during his confinement. Mr. Allworthy saw him almost every day; but though he pitied his sufferings, and highly approved the gallant behaviour which occasioned them, yet he thought this a favourable opportunity to bring him to a sense of some follies which he had committed.

this was done in the mildest and tenderest manner. Mr. Blifil visited his friend Jones but seldom, and never alone. He, however, professed much regard for him, and great concern at his misfortune. As for 'Squire Western, he was seldom out of the sick room, except when he was prevented from forcing Jones to drink with him; for no quack ever held his nostrum to be a more general Panacea than this, which, he said, had more virtue in it, than was in all the physick in any apothecary's shop. But it was impossible to hinder him from serenading his patient every hunting morning with the horn under his window; nor did he ever lay aside the halloo, with which he entered into all companies, when he visited Jones, without considering whether he was asleep or awake. This boisterous behaviour was, however, abundantly compensated, as soon as he was able to sit up, by the company of Sophia; whom the 'Squire brought to visit him; nor was it long before Jones was able to attend her to the harpsichord, where she kindly condescended, for hours together, to charm him with the most delicious music, except when the 'Squire insisted on Sir Simon, or some other of his old favourite tunes.

Though Sophia endeavoured to set the nicest guard on her behaviour, she could not avoid letting some appearances slip forth; and what her lips concealed, her eyes, her blushes, and many little involuntary actions betrayed.

One day, Mrs. Honor coming into the room, entertained him with talking of her mistress, and reminded him that he had some time before taken up a muff which the young lady had given to her, and putting his hands into it, had kissed it with great fervour. This circumstance she acknowledged she had told to her lady, and added, that a day or two after Sophia quarrelled with her new muff, gave it to her, and took the old one; and wore it constantly upon her arm. This conversation, so pleasing to Mr. Jones, was interrupted by Mr. Western, who came to summon him to the harpsichord. Sophia looked that evening with more than usual beauty, and it was no small addition to her charms, in Mr. Jones's eye, that she had now that very muff on her right arm. But as she was playing one of her father's favourite tunes, and he was leaning on her chair, the muff falling over her fingers, put her out, which so disconcerted the 'Squire, that he snatched it from her, and with a hearty curse, threw it into the fire. Sophia instantly started up, and with the utmost eagerness recovered it from the flames. Trifling as this accident was, it had a violent effect on poor Jones. Sophia took absolute possession of his heart. He plainly saw the tender sentiments she had for him, and in return loved her with an unbounded passion. Yet the assurance of its being returned could not lessen his despair of obtaining the consent of her father, nor the

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horror and aversion he felt at the very idea of gaining her by any base or treacherous method. He now, therefore, resolved to conceal his passion, and appeared more reserved than ever to Sophia; but nature took equal pains to reveal his love. At her approach he grew pale, and, as if it was sudden, started. If his eyes accidentally met hers, the blood rushed into his cheeks. If common civility obliged him to speak to her, his tongue was sure to falter; and if any discourse tended, however remotely, to raise the idea of love, an involuntary sigh seldom failed to steal from his bosom.

These symptoms did not escape the notice of Sophia, who soon perceived the agitations in Jones's mind, and was at no loss to discover the cause. This highly endeared him to her, and raised in her mind two of the best affections, esteem and pity; for sure the most outrageously rigid among her sex will excuse her for pitying a man, whom she saw miserable on her account; nor can they blame her for esteeming one, who visibly, from the most honourable motives, endeavoured to smother a flame that was preying on his own heart. Thus his backwardness, his shunning her, his coldness, and his silence, were the forwardest, the most diligent, the warmest, and most eloquent advocates; and she soon felt for him all those tender sensations, that can possess a virtuous and elevated female mind.

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This young couple one day accidentally met in the garden, at the end of two walks that were bounded by that canal in which Mr. Jones had formerly risked drowning, to recover Sophia's little bird. They were almost close together, before either of them knew of the other's approach. When Mr. Jones had a little recovered his first surprise, he accosted the young lady with the ordinary forms of salutation, which she, in the same manner, returned, and their conversation, as usual, began on the beauty of the morning. When they came to the tree whence he had fallen into the canal, Sophia could not help reminding him of that accident; and added, I fancy, Mr. Jones, you have some little shuddering when you see that water: He assured her, that the concern she felt at the loss of her little bird would always appear to him the principal circumstance in that adventure. Poor little Tommy! said he, there is the branch he stood upon. How could the little wretch have the folly to fly from that state of happiness in which I had the honour to place him? His fate was a just punishment for his ingratitude. Upon my word, Mr. Jones, returned she, your gallantry very narrowly escaped as severe a fate. Sure the remembrance must affect you. Indeed madam, said he, if I have any reason to reflect on it with sorrow, it is, perhaps, that the water was not a little deeper, by which I might have escaped many bitter heart-achs that fortune



seems to have in store for me. Fy, Mr. Jones, said Sophia, this affected contempt of life is only an excess of that complaisance, by which you would endeavour to lessen the obligation of having twice hazarded it for my sake. Beware the third time. These last words she spoke with a smile and inexpressible softness. Jones observed, with a sigh, that he feared it was already too late for a caution; and looking tenderly and stedfastly on her, added, O Miss Western, can you desire me to live? Can you wish me so ill? Sophia, casting down her eyes, answered, with some hesitation, indeed, Mr. Jones, I don't wish you ill. O I know too well that heavenly temper, returned he, that divine goodness, which is beyond every other charm. Nay, now, said she, I don't understand you—I can stay no longer. Jones observed, that he would not be understood, that he knew not what he said, and begged her to pardon him, if he had said any thing to offend her. In return, she acknowledged that she was not offended, and desired him to let her make the best of her way into the house, to which he instantly conducted her.

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CHAP. V.

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**T**HOUGH Mr. Jones's arm had been long cured; Mr. Western became so fond of him, that he was unwilling to lose his company, and the youth was easily persuaded to continue at his house, which he sometimes did for a fortnight together, without paying a single visit at Mr. Allworthy's. That gentleman had been for some days indisposed with a cold, attended with a slight fever, which being neglected, the fever increased so much, as to oblige him to send for a physician, who, on his first arrival, shook his head, wished that he had been sent for sooner, and intimated, that he thought him in very imminent danger. Mr. Allworthy having settled all his affairs in this world, and being as well prepared as it was possible for human nature to be for the other, received this information with great calmness and sincerity, and immediately gave orders for all his family to be summoned round him. None of them were abroad but Mrs. Blifil, who had been some time in London, and Mr. Jones,

who received this summons just as Sophia had left him ; and instantly stepping into the chariot that was sent for him, ordered the coachman to drive with all imaginable haste, the idea of Mr. Allworthy's danger driving all thoughts of love out of his head.

The good man having now all his family assembled round his bed, sat up in it, and was beginning to speak, when Blifil fell to blubbering, and began to express very loud and bitter lamentation. Whereupon Mr. Allworthy, shaking him by the hand, said, Don't grieve thee, my dear nephew, at the most common of all human occurrences. When misfortunes befall our friends, we are justly grieved, for those might frequently be avoided ; but death is certainly unavoidable, and is that common lot, in which alone the fortunes of all men agree. It is my fate to leave it in the evening of life ; but those who are taken away earlier have only lost a few hours at the best, little worth lamenting ; which are generally hours of labour and fatigue, of pain and sorrow. Grieve, therefore, no more, my dear child, on this occasion ; an event which may happen every hour, which every element, nay, almost every particle of matter that surrounds us, is capable of producing, and which must, and will, most unavoidably reach us at last, ought neither to occasion our surprize, nor our lamentation.

My physician having informed me, that I am in danger of leaving you all very shortly, I have

have determined to say a few words to you, at this our parting, concerning my will, which, though I have settled long ago, I think proper to mention such heads of it as concern any of you. He then told Mr. Blifil, that he had left him his whole estate, except five hundred a year, and some sums of money. Then addressing himself to Mr. Jones, he told him, that he had left him an estate of five hundred a year; and as he knew the inconvenience attending the want of ready money, had added 1000*l.* in specie. In this, says he, I know not whether I have exceeded or fallen short of your expectations. You, perhaps, will think I have given you too little, and the world will be as ready to censure me for giving you too much; but the latter censure I despise, and as to the former, it must be confessed, that instead of raising gratitude by voluntary acts of bounty, we are apt to raise demands that are the most boundless, and the most difficult to satisfy. Pardon me the bare mention of this, I will not suspect any such thing.

Jones threw himself at the feet of his benefactor, and eagerly seizing his hand, assured him that his goodness, both now, and at all other times, had so infinitely exceeded, not only his merit, but his hopes, that no words could express his sense of it. And I assure you, Sir, added he, your present generosity has left me no other concern than for the present melancholy occasion——O my friend! my  
father

father! He could utter no more, but turned away his head to hide his tears. Mr. Allworthy, squeezing his hand, cried, I am convinced, my child, that you have much generosity and honour in your temper; if you will add to these, prudence and religion, you must be happy. The former qualities make you worthy of happiness, but the latter alone will put you in possession of it.

Here a footman came hastily into the room, and said there was an attorney from Salisbury, who had a particular message, which he said he must communicate to Mr. Allworthy himself. That gentleman desired Mr. Blifil to see what the gentleman wanted; and observing that he was fatigued, said, he should be now glad to compose himself a little, on which they left the room.

Jones was the last man who deserted the room, whence he retired to his own apartment to give vent to his concern; but the restlessness of his mind not permitting him to remain long there, he slipped softly to Mr. Allworthy's door, where he listened a considerable time, but heard nothing but a violent snoring, which his fears at last misrepresented as groans, and at which he became so alarmed, that he could not forbear entering the room, where he found the good man in a sweet composed sleep, and his nurse snoring at the bed's feet. He immediately took the only method of silencing her, and then sitting down by her remained motionless,

motionless, till at length the Doctor and Mr. Blifil entered the room, when the former declared, after feeling the patient's pulse, that he was much better, and that the last application had succeeded to a miracle, so that the danger appeared to be over.

Mr. Allworthy had no sooner lifted up his eyes, and thanked heaven for these hopes of his recovery, than Mr. Blifil drew near, and with a very dejected aspect applied his handkerchief to his eyes, and informed his uncle, that his mother was dead at Salisbury; for having been seized on the road home with the gout in her head and stomach, it had carried her off in a few hours. Mr. Allworthy received the news with concern, with patience, and with resignation, and dropping a tender tear, cried the Lord's Will be done in every thing.

When Jones heard Blifil tell his uncle the above particulars, he could hardly contain his anger at the other's indiscretion, especially as the Doctor shook his head, and expressed his unwillingness to have it communicated to his patient; but soon finding that this news produced no effect, he suffered his anger to die in his bosom, without ever mentioning it to Blifil. The physician, who dined that day at Mr. Allworthy's, having visited his patient after dinner, returned to the company, and told them he had now the satisfaction to assure them, that his patient was out of all danger; and as he had brought the fever to a perfect intermis-

sion, he did not doubt but that by throwing in the bark he should prevent its return. At which Jones was so transported, that he might be justly said to be drunk with joy, an intoxication which greatly forwards the effects of wine; and as he drunk many bumpers to the Doctor's health, as well as other toasts, he soon became literally drunk; and having naturally violent animal spirits, this produced most extravagant effects: He kissed the Doctor, protesting, that next to Mr. Allworthy he loved him better than any man living. Doctor, added he, you deserve to have your statue erected at the public expence, for having preserved a man, who is not only the darling of all good men who know him, but a blessing to society, the glory of his country, an honour to human nature, and whom I love better than my own soul. More shame for you, cried Thwackum, though I think you have reason to love him; for he has provided well for you. Jones, regarding Thwackum with disdain, Does thy mean soul imagine that any such considerations could weigh with me? No; let the earth open and swallow her own dirt (if I had a million of acres I would say it) rather than swallow up my dear, glorious friend. The doctor now interposed, and prevented the effects of a quarrel between Jones and Thwackum; after which the former gave a loose to mirth, and sung to or three amorous songs; and was so far from being disposed to quarrel,

quarrel, that he was, if possible, ten times better humoured than when sober. Mr. Blifil was, however, highly offended with this behaviour, which he bore with great impatience, as he justly thought it very indecent at this season, when, as he said, the house was a house of mourning, on account of his dear mother; and if it had pleased heaven to give him some prospect of Mr. Allworthy's recovery, it would become him better to express the exultation of his heart in thanksgiving, than in riot and drunkenness. Jones being instantly struck with the justness of the rebuke, offered to shake Mr. Blifil by the hand, and begged his pardon; saying, his excessive joy for Mr. Allworthy's recovery had driven every thought out of his mind. Blifil, refusing his hand, observed that he did not wonder tragical spectacles had no effect on the blind; but for his part he had the misfortune to know who were his parents, and could not help being affected with their loss. At this Jones, hastily leaping from his chair, caught Blifil by the collar, and calling him rascal, asked him if he insulted him with the misfortunes of his birth? accompanying these words with such rough actions as roused Mr. Blifil's temper, and a scuffle ensued, that might have produced mischief, had it not been prevented by the interposition of Thwackum and the physician; on which they vented their wrath in threats and defiance; but at length, by the mediation of the neutral

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parties, a truce was agreed on, and the whole company again sat down at the table, where Jones being prevailed on to ask pardon, and Blifil to give it, peace was restored.

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## CHAP. VI.

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**A**T this time Mr. Western had at his house his sister, who had spent the greatest part of her time about the court, and was a perfect mistress of manners, customs, ceremonies, and fashions; besides, reading all the modern plays, oratorios, poems, and romances, in which she was a critic. This lady, who was an old maid, made a discovery of something in the mind of Sophia; and having taken it into her head that she was in love with Mr. Blifil, resolved to communicate the affair to her brother, and told him, that she was never more deceived in her life, if her niece was not desperately in love. How, in love! cries Western in a passion, in love without acquainting me! I'll disinherit her, I'll turn her stark naked out of doors. Is all my kindness vorur, and vondness come to this, to fall in love without asking my leave! But you won't, answered Mrs. Western, turn this daughter, whom

whom you love better than your own soul, out of doors, before you know whether you shall approve her choice. Suppose she should have fixed on the very person whom you yourself wish, I hope you would not be angry then? No, no; cries Western, if she marries the man I would ha' her, she may love whom she pleases. She then mentioned Mr. Blifil, and related some circumstances, which she imagined confirmed her opinion; on which the 'squire expressed his satisfaction, and added, that he knew Sophia was a good girl, and would not fall in love to make him angry.

The 'squire was so impatient to communicate the proposal to Mr. Allworthy, that Mrs. Western had the utmost difficulty to prevent his visiting that gentleman, before he had recovered from his illness. Mean while, Sophia having, from obscure hints thrown out by her aunt, some apprehensions of that lady's suspecting her passion for Jones, she resolved to put an entire constraint on her behaviour; and Mr. Allworthy, as soon as he was recovered, paying them a visit, Sophia, while at dinner, addressed her whole discourse to Blifil without noticing of Jones all day. The 'squire was so delighted with this conduct, that instead of eating, he spent almost the whole time of his dinner, in conveying signs of his approbation, by winks and nods to his sister. Dinner being over, and Mr. Western thoroughly convinced of the certainty of what his

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sister had told him, took Mr. Allworthy aside, and very bluntly proposed the match between Sophia and young Mr. Blifil.

Mr. Allworthy heard him without any visible emotion, or alteration of countenance; but said the alliance was such, as he sincerely wished; then launched forth into very just encomiums on the young lady's merit, acknowledged the offer to be advantageous in point of fortune; and thanking him for his good opinion of his nephew, concluded with observing, that he should be very desirous to compleat the affair, if the young people liked each other. Mr. Western answered, parents were the best judges of proper matches for their children, and that he should insist on the most resigned obedience from his daughter. Mr. Allworthy declared, that he had no doubt, but that Mr. Blifil would gladly receive the offer, and made many eulogiums on Sophia, the 'squire only replying, I'll say no more—I humbly hope there's no harm, that's all—which he repeated at least a hundred times, before they parted.

Mr. Allworthy had no sooner returned home, than taking Mr. Blifil aside, he communicated to him Mr. Western's proposal, and at the same time let him know, how agreeable this match would be to himself. Blifil answered, that he had not yet thought of matrimony, but was so sensible of his friendly and paternal care, that he would in every thing submit to his

his pleasure. Mr. Allworthy being naturally a man of spirit, was not greatly pleased with this cold answer; and could not help launching forth in the praises of Miss Sophia, and expressing his surprize at a young man's heart being insensible to the force of such charms, unless influenced by a prior affection. Blifil assured him that was not the case, and then discoursed so wisely on love and marriage, as to convince his uncle, that he had that esteem for her, which in sober and virtuous minds is the sure foundation of friendship and love.

Meanwhile Mrs. Western entered Sophia's chamber, and after some introductory discourse, entered on the subject of love, told her she had not a thought which she was not thoroughly acquainted with; for though she had been able to impose on her father, she could not impose on her; and seeing her blushes, told her it was not a passion she need be ashamed of—It was a passion she herself approved, and had already obtained her father's approbation of it, and that very afternoon her father had appointed to see her lover. He is a charming fellow, added she, that's the truth on't. Nay, I will own, answered Sophia, I know none with such perfections, so brave, and yet so gentle; so witty, yet so inoffensive; so humane, so genteel, so handsome! What signifies his being base born, when compared with qualifications like these? Base born! What do you mean? said the aunt; Mr. Blifil base born! Sophia turned

pale, faintly repeating the word, Blifil! Mr. Blifil; aye, Mr. Blifil, cried Mrs. Western, of whom else have we been talking? Good Heavens, returned Sophia, ready to sink, of Mr. Jones I thought. I am sure, I know of no other who deserve—I protest, cries the aunt, you frighten me; is it possible you can think of disgracing your family, by an alliance with a Bastard? If you have not sense sufficient to restrain such monstrous inclinations, I thought the pride of our family would have prevented your giving the least encouragement to so base an affection; much less did I imagine, you would ever have the assurance to own it to my face. What I have said, Madam, answered Sophia, you have extorted from me; and whatever were my thoughts of that poor unfortunate man, I intended to have carried them with me to my grave,—to that grave, where I now find I am only to seek repose. And I would rather, cried her aunt, in a violent rage, follow you to your grave, than I would see you disgrace yourself and your family by such a match. Here she run on for a full quarter of an hour, and at last concluded, with threatening to go immediately and acquaint her brother. At this, Sophia threw herself at her feet, and seizing her hand, begged her with tears to conceal what she had drawn from her; urging the violence of her father's temper, and protesting, that she would never do any thing to offend him. Mrs. Western,

tern stood for a moment looking at her, and having recollected herself, told her, that on one consideration she would keep the secret, which was, her promising to entertain Mr. Blifil that very afternoon as her lover. To this Sophia was obliged to consent, and Mrs. Western having assured her, that the match was fully agreed upon, nothing could or should prevent it.

In the afternoon, Mr. Western for the first time informed his daughter of his intention, telling her, he knew she had heard of it before from her aunt, Sophia looked very grave, and could not prevent tears from stealing from her eyes, Come, come, said Mr. Western, none of your maidenish airs. Mr. Blifil is a brisk young man, and will soon put an end to your squeamishness. Come, cheer up, cheer up, I expect un every minute. Sophia resolved to go through that disagreeable afternoon with as much resolution as possible, without giving her father the least suspicion.

Soon after Mr. Blifil arrived, and Mr. Western withdrawing, left the young couple together. After a long silence of near a quarter of an hour, he broke into a torrent of far fetched, high strained compliments, which Sophia answered, by down cast looks, half bows, and civil monosyllables. Blifil took this behaviour for a modest assent to his courtship, and when, to shorten a scene which was painful to her, she rose and left the room, he im-  
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puted that merely to bashfulness, and comforted himself that he should soon have enough of her company: For he concluded her behaviour was like that of all other young ladies, on a first visit from her lover; and it entirely answered his expectations.

Mr. Western, taking care to meet him as he went out, found him so satisfied with his reception, that he began to dance and caper about the hall, for he never had the least command of his passions: and after many hearty embraces he went in quest of his daughter, whom he no sooner found, than he poured forth the most extravagant raptures, bidding her chuse what clothes and jewels she pleased, and declared, that he had no other use for his fortune, but to make her happy. He then caressed her again and again, calling her by the most endearing names, and protested she was the only joy he had on earth. Sophia observing her father in this fit of affection, of which she did not know the cause, thought she should never have a better opportunity of opening her mind than at present; therefore, after thanking him for all his professions of kindness, she added, and is it possible my papa can be so good, as to place all his joy in his Sophia's happiness? which Western having confirmed by a great oath and a kiss, she then laid hold of his hand, and falling on her knees, after the warmest profession of duty, begged him not to make her the most miserable creature

ture on earth, by forcing her to marry a man whom she detested. O Sir, continued she, not only your poor Sophy's happiness, but her very life depends on your granting this request. I can't live with Mr. Blifil.—To force me into this marriage would be killing me. You can't live with Blifil! Then you may die if you please, cried he, spurning her from him. O, Sir, cried Sophia, catching hold of the skirt of his coat, can you be unmoved while you see your Sophy in this condition? Can the best of fathers kill me by the most painful, cruel, lingering death? Pooh! pooh! cried the squire, all stuff and nonsense, all maidenish tricks. Kill you, indeed! Will marriage kill you? O Sir, answered Sophia, such a marriage is worse than death. I hate and detest him.—If you hate un never so much, cries Western, you shall ha'un. I am resolved upon the match; and unless you consent to it, I'll not give you a groat; not a single farthing: No, though I saw you starving in the street, I would not give you a morsel of bread, and so I'll leave you to consider of it. He then broke from her with such violence, that her face dashed against the floor, and burst directly out of the room, leaving the poor lady prostrate on the ground.

On Mr. Western's entering the hall, he found Jones, to whom he lamented the misery of all fathers, who were so unfortunate as to have daughters; then bidding him go and try what  
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he could do with her, in persuading her to marry Blifil, swore many dreadful oaths, that unless she consented to the match, he would turn her out of doors.

Mr. Jones, on entering the room, found her risen from the floor, with the tears trickling from her eyes, and the blood running from her lips. He ran to her, and with a voice of mingled tenderness and terror, endeavoured to give her comfort. He addressed her with the utmost tenderness, while she entreated him to leave her, and in return he let her know that he had been sent by her father to be an advocate for his odious rival; and prevailed on her to promise, that she would never give herself to Blifil.

Soon after Jones had left Mr. Western, his sister came to him, and was soon informed of all that had passed between her brother and Sophia; on which she told him with her being in love with Jones. At this he seemed as if thunder-struck, and stood for some time silent; then discharged a volley of oaths and imprecations; after which he proceeded hastily to the apartment where he expected to find the lovers, roaring at every step his intentions of revenge.

The lovers stood silent and trembling; when hearing the noise of Mr. Western, who came swearing, cursing, and vowing the destruction of Jones, she turned pale, and on the squire's bursting open the door, he beheld an object which

which instantly suspended all his fury. This was the ghastly appearance of Sophia, who had fainted away in her lover's arms, which Mr. Western no sooner saw, than he roared for help with the utmost violence; ran first to his daughter, then back to the door, calling for water, and then back again to Sophia. Mrs. Western and the servants soon came to her assistance, with water and cordials, which were applied with such success, that in a few minutes Sophia returned to life, and was presently led off by her own maid and Mrs. Western. The 'squire now relapsing into his former phrenzy, a battle must have ensued, had not parson Supple held the 'squire. Jones had advanced in a very suppliant manner to Mr. Western, whom the parson held in his arms, begging him to be pacified. I will have satisfaction o'thee, cried the 'squire, so doff thy clothes, and I'll lick thee as well as wast ever lick'd in thy life. He then bespattered the youth with abundance of abusive language, and ordered him to kiss a part we don't think proper to mention. Jones calmly answered, This usage, Sir, may, perhaps, cancel the obligations you have conferred on me, but I will not be provoked by your abuse to lift my hand against Sophia's father. At these words the 'squire grew still more outrageous, so that the parson begged Jones to retire, and to defer what he had to say in his own behalf to some other opportunity. Jones accepted this advice

advice, and immediately departed; when the 'squire having regained the liberty of his hands, declared, that he should certainly have beat out the rogue's brains, and that it would have vexed one confoundedly to have been hanged for such a rascal.

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## CHAP. VII.

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**M**R. Allworthy had just received an account from Mr. Blifil of his successful visit to Sophia, when Mr. Western broke abruptly in upon them, and without the least ceremony cried, You have brought up your bastard to a fine purpose: Not that I believe you had any hand in it neither; but there's a fine kettle of fish made of it up at our house. Mr. Allworthy asked, what was the matter. Matter enough, of all conscience, cried Western; my daughter has fell in love with your bastard, that's all; but I won't give her a halfpenny, not the twentieth part of a brass farthing. I always thought what would become o' breeding up a bastard like a gentleman, and letting him come to volks houses. Its well vor un I could not get at un, I'd lick'd un well. The fellow was always good at finding a hare sitting, rot un, I little thought what puss he was

was looking after; but it shall be the worst he ever vound in his life. She shall be no better than carrion, her skin is all he shall ha', and so you may tell'n. Mr. Allworthy expressed his surprize, and wished Mr. Westerd had not given him so many opportunities with her. Why, zounds, cried Western, who could have thought it? What the devil had she to do wi'un; he did not come there a courting to her, he came there a hunting with me. But was it possible, said Mr. Allworthy, that you should never discover any signs of love between them? Never in my life, as I hope to be saved, replied Western, I never so much as seed him kiss her in all my life. At this Mr. Allworthy smiled, and asked Mr. Western what he would have him do? to which he answered, he would have him keep the rascal away from his house, and he would go and lock up the wench, for she should marry Mr. Blifil in spite of her teeth. He then shook Mr. Blifil by the hand, swore he should be his son-in-law, and took his leave.

A long silence now ensued between Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Blifil. At length his uncle asked him, what he determined to do. Blifil here observed, that by marrying her he should promote the happiness of every party. Her father would be preserved from the highest degree of misery, and the lady saved from ruin; for, indeed, Jones was one of the worst men in the world; and had his dear uncle known what he had endeavoured to conceal, he must have

have long ago abandoned so profligate a wretch. Mr. Allworthy here insisted on his telling him what Jones had done, while Blifil, to increase his curiosity, endeavoured to excuse his mentioning it; till at last Mr. Allworthy insisted on his telling all he knew. Blifil then said, he is a debauched young fellow, without principle, gratitude, or affection. On the very day of your utmost danger, added he, when myself and all the family were in tears, he filled the house with riot and debauchery. He drank, sung, and roared; and when I gave him a gentle hint of the indecency of his behaviour, he fell into a violent passion, called me rascal, and struck me. How, cried Mr. Allworthy, did he dare to strike you? O Sir, cried Blifil, I have forgiven him that long ago: And now, Sir, since I have unadvisedly dropped a hint of this affair, and your commands have obliged me to discover the whole, let me intercede with you for him. O child, said Mr. Allworthy, I know not whether I should blame or applaud your goodness, in concealing such a villain a moment. But where is Mr. Thwackum, who, I suppose, was present. Thwackum was instantly sent for, and corroborated every circumstance; and concluded with declaring, that he should long since have informed him of the whole, had not Mr. Blifil, by the most earnest entreaties, prevented him. He is, said he, an excellent youth, though his forgiveness of such an enemy was carrying the matter too far.

As Mr. Allworthy would never punish any one in a passion, he delayed passing sentence on Jones till the afternoon. The unhappy young man attended at dinner; but his heart was too oppressed to suffer him to eat, and his grief was increased by the unkind looks of his benefactor, whence he concluded, that Mr. Western had discovered the whole affair, but had not the least suspicion of Blifil's treachery. When dinner was over, and the servants had left the room, Mr. Allworthy set forth, in a long speech, the faults of which Jones had been guilty, particularly those which that day had brought to light; and concluded with telling him, that unless he could clear himself on the charge, he was resolved to banish him from his sight for ever.

Poor Jones laboured under many disadvantages, and indeed hardly knew his accusation; for as Mr. Allworthy, in mentioning his drunkenness, while he lay ill, out of modesty, sunk every thing that related particularly to himself, Jones could not deny the charge. Besides, his heart was already almost broken; he therefore acknowledged the whole, and observed, that though he must own himself guilty of many follies and inadvertencies, he hoped he had done nothing to deserve, what would be to him, the greatest punishment in the world. Mr. Allworthy replied, that he had forgiven him too often already, in compassion to his youth, and in hopes of his amendment; but

found that he was so abandoned, that it would be criminal to support and encourage him; and that his audacious attempt to steal away the young lady, called upon him to justify his own character, in punishing him. However, as he had educated him like a child of his own, he would not turn him naked into the world; and then giving him a paper, told him, that he would find something in that, which might enable him with industry to get an honest livelihood; but if he employed it to worse purposes, he should not think himself obliged to give him any farther supply. A flood of tears now gushed from Jones's eyes, and it was some time before he was able to obey Mr. Allworthy's peremptory commands of departing, which he at length did, after eagerly kissing that gentleman's hand.

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## CHAP. VIII.

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**J**ONES, on his setting out, walked above a mile, without regarding whither he went, when his way being obstructed by a brook, he threw himself down by its side, and fell into the most violent agonies of grief and despair, tearing his hair, and behaved like one entirely deprived of the use of his reason. Having thus  
vented

vented the first emotions of his passion, he began to come to himself; and his grief discharged itself in a gentler way, till he at last became cool enough to consider what steps were proper for him to take. The thoughts of leaving Sophia almost rent his heart asunder, but the consideration of reducing her to ruin and beggary, made him at last resolve rather to quit her, than to pursue her to her ruin. A glowing warmth filled his breast on the first contemplation of this victory over his passions; but this satisfaction was only momentary; Sophia soon returned to his imagination, and allayed the joy of his triumph. He resolved to write her a farewell letter, and accordingly proceeded to a house at a small distance, where, in very affecting terms, he took a final leave of her, and even begged that she would forget him.

On searching his pocket for wax, he found none, nor indeed any thing else; for in the phrenzy which had seized him, he had tossed every thing from him, and even the pocket book he received from Mr. Allworthy, which he had never opened, and which now first occurred to his memory. The house supplied him with a wafer, and having sealed his letter, he hasted back towards the brook, in order to search for what he had lost. In his way he met with black George, who heartily condoled him on his misfortunes, which had already reached the ears of all the neighbourhood.



Jones there informed the game-keeper of his loss, and he readily went back with him to the brook, where they searched every tuft of grass, as well where Jones had not been, as where he had, but all to no purpose; for Jones omitted to search the pockets of George, who had just before found them; and being apprized of their worth, (the pocket book containing notes of five hundred pounds value) had the baseness to put up every thing he found for his own use.

Jones now gave over all hopes of recovering his loss, and therefore delivered him the letter to carry to Sophia, which he safely delivered. And Sophia being told at the same time, by her maid, that Jones had been turned out of doors, she hastily sent him her purse, which contained all the money she had, which was delivered to black George, who, after several debates with himself, between his conscience and his avarice, at last gave it to Jones.

Mr. Jones now set out without minding where he went, till at last, finding that he was in the road to Bristol, he resolved to go thither, being determined to seek his fortune at sea. However, having missed his way, and it growing dark, he put up at a public house, where he had not sat long, before a company of foot, who were marching against the rebels, thundered at the door; and being informed that they expected to be commanded by the Duke of Cumberland, Jones, who had some heroic

heroic ingredients in his composition, resolved to serve as a volunteer in this expedition. The next day he travelled in company with the soldiers, and when they arrived at the place where they were to halt that evening, the serjeant introduced him to the lieutenant, who observing his genteel figure, and that he had a remarkable air of dignity, politely told him, that he should gladly receive a gentleman who promised to do much honour to the company; then shook him by the hand, and invited him to dine with himself and the rest of the officers. The lieutenant had great merit as a soldier, and as an honest good natured man; and had behaved so well in his command, that he was highly esteemed and beloved, not only by the soldiers of his own company, but by the whole regiment.

After dinner it came to Jones's turn to give a toast, when he could not forbear mentioning his dear Sophia, which he did the more readily, as he imagined it impossible for any one present to know whom he meant. The lieutenant, however, insisted on her surname, upon which, after a little hesitation, he named Miss Sophia Western. Upon this, ensign Northerton, one of the company, declared, that he knew one Sophy Western, who had but a very indifferent character at Bath; and perhaps this is the same woman. Jones asserted, that the young lady he named was one of great fashion and fortune. Aye, aye, says the ensign, and

so she is; and I'll hold half a dozen of Burgundy, Tom French, of our regiment, brings her into company with us at any tavern in Bridges-street.

Jones desired that he would chuse some other subject for his wit, assuring him, that he would not bear jesting with the lady's character. The other asserting that he was in earnest, Jones called him an impudent rascal; on which the ensign, uttering a volley of curses, discharged a bottle full at Jones's head, which hitting him a little above the right temple, brought him to the ground.

The ensign perceiving him lie motionless, and the blood flowing plentifully from the wound, began to think of making his escape; but the lieutenant stopped him at the door. Northerton begged he would let him go, protesting that he was but in jest, and had never heard any harm of Miss Western in his life. Upon which the lieutenant told him, that he deserved to be hanged, as well for making such jests, as for using such a weapon, and had him immediately secured by a file of musqueteers; and a surgeon was sent for, who, on his arrival, examined the wound, and ordered his patient instantly to bed.

In the evening, the lieutenant paid Mr. Jones a visit, who, telling him that he felt no other inconvenience from his wound, but an extreme soreness on that side of the head, and should have been up, had it not been for the orders of  
the

the surgeon to the contrary; he was told that he must take satisfaction of Northerton, on which he desired to have that determined immediately; but to this the lieutenant objected, on account of the great quantity of blood he had lost. However, in the middle of the night, Jones being unable to sleep, and finding that he should lose his honour if he did not attempt to obtain satisfaction for the injury he had received, resolved to dispatch this affair immediately; and therefore sending for the serjeant, bought a sword of him, and immediately dressing himself, softly opened his door; for it being now twelve o'clock, all were asleep except the centinel, who stood to guard Northerton, and issued forth, dressed in a light coloured coat, covered with streams of blood. His face missed that blood, and twenty ounces more, drawn from him by the surgeon, and was very pale. Round his head was a quantity of bandages; in his right hand he carried a drawn sword, and in the left a candle. The centinel, on seeing this figure approach, trembled, his knees fell to blows with each other, and firing his piece, he fell flat on his face. Jones, smiling at his fright, passed by him, and entered the room where Northerton had been confined; but finding it empty, for he had escaped by getting up the chimney, he called Northerton several times, when, perceiving that the bird was flown, and apprehending that the report of the firelock would alarm the

wh

whole house, he blew out his candle, stole back again to his chamber, and returned to his bed.

The hall where the centinel was posted was instantly half full of people; some in their shirts, and others not half dressed, enquiring of each other, what was the matter. The centinel continuing in the same posture, several endeavoured to raise him up, when struggling with those who laid their hands on him, he fell to roaring like a bull; for his imagination being possessed with the horrid idea of an apparition, converted every object he saw or felt into ghosts and spectres. But candles being brought in, he came a little to himself, and then declared, with the most heavy curses on himself, if he had not seen the volunteer all over blood, vomiting fire out of his mouth and nostrils, pass by him into the chamber where ensign Northerton was. Though this story gained great credit, there were some of the soldiers who were not of such easy belief, and the soldier was confined, in order to be punished, for sleeping and dreaming when upon duty.

Jones had lain awake all the while, and having heard great part of the noise and bustle, was desirous of knowing the particulars, and therefore applied to his bell; but it was a long time before the servant dared to come to him, till at last they entered altogether, when, to their great surprize, instead of finding him  
dead,

dead, he desired to speak with the lieutenant, who instantly complying with his request, and sitting down on his bed-side, informed him of the scene which had happened below, and that he should make an example of the centinel. Upon this Jones related the whole truth, and earnestly begged that the poor soldier might not be punished, who, he believed was as innocent of the ensign's escape, as he was of sleeping; and to this the lieutenant immediately consented.

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## CHAP. IX.

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**I**N the morning early the soldiers departed, leaving directions with Jones to follow them; and some time after he was visited by the surgeon, who insisted on bleeding him again. Jones absolutely refused to permit him; at which the surgeon was so enraged, that he refused to dress his wound, and left him. The surgeon being gone, Jones had a sound sleep of seven hours, and awaked in such perfect health and spirits, that he resolved to get up and dress himself; for which purpose he unlocked his portmanteau, which had been sent after him by a man and horse; then putting on clean linen and a suit of cloaths, we  
do

down into the kitchen, and eat a hearty dinner. Jones then sent for a barber, when a very humorous diverting fellow appeared, and entertained him with scraps of Latin, and abundance of merry jokes. Mr. Jones being pleased with his company, invited him to drink part of a bottle of wine; and afterwards finding that he had some knowledge in surgery, desired him to examine the wound, which having done, he told him it would require a great deal of art to keep him from being well after a very few dressings; and if he would suffer him to apply some of his salve, he would answer for its success.

Mr. Jones now engaged the barber-surgeon to give him an account of his life, when the honest fellow let him know, with a very solemn air, that he had been his greatest enemy. Jones expressed great amazement, when he asked him, if he never heard of one Partridge, who had the honour of being reputed his father, and the misfortune of being ruined by that honour. Jones observed, that he had heard of him, and always thought himself his son. Well, Sir, answered Benjamin, I am that Partridge, but here absolve you from all filial duty; for, I assure you, you are none of mine; and though it is natural enough for men to hate even the innocent causes of their sufferings, yet I am of a different temper, and have loved you ever since I have heard of your behaviour to black George; and am convinced,

vinced, from our thus meeting, that you are born to make me amends for all I have suffered on your account. Jones expressed the satisfaction it would give him, to make him full amends for his suffering; but that he could see no likelihood of its ever being in his power. 'Tis in your power, sure enough, replied Partridge, for I desire nothing more than to attend you in this expedition, which I have so set my heart upon, that if you refuse me, you will kill both a barber and a surgeon in one breath. Jones gave his consent, but taking out his purse, shewed him his whole stock, and let him know, that he was unable to support him; on which Partridge said, he believed he was the richer man, and that all he had was at his service, insisting upon his taking the whole; but to this Jones would by no means submit. Partridge then proposed that as the portmanteau was too cumbersome to be carried without a horse, it should be left behind at his house, and that he should take out only a few shirts for his present use.

Early the next morning Partridge appeared at Jones's bed-side, with his knapsack at his back, ready equipped for their march. He had already put up his whole stock of linen in it, consisting of four shirts, to which he added eight of Mr. Jones's, and was departing towards his own house with the portmanteau, when he was stopped by the landlady, who refused to let it go till the reckoning was paid.



However, the bill being soon wrote and discharged, the portmanteau was safely deposited, and they set forward on foot, Partridge carrying the knapsack.

Mr. Jones and Partridge dined at the Bell in Gloucester, and from thence set out, very much against Partridge's inclination, towards the evening; and though the former complained very much of the sharpness of the weather, Jones still proceeded forward by the light of the moon, till they came to the bottom of a very steep hill, which Jones resolved to ascend, and Partridge prepared to follow him, for being a great coward, he did not dare to stay alone. But they had not ascended far, when they espied a glimmering light through some trees; when, by the earnest solicitations of Partridge, they walked directly towards the place where the light issued, and found a cottage, where, after much knocking, an old woman at length opened an upper casement, and after many intreaties, was induced, by the promise of half a crown, to open the door; when, to the infinite joy of Partridge, he found a good fire: The old woman, who made a strange appearance, endeavoured to hasten their departure, for fear they should be found by her master, whom she expected home every minute; while Mr. Jones, being surprized at seeing the house furnished with the utmost neatness, and adorned with curiosities that might have engaged the attention of a virtuoso

a virtuoso, protracted his stay, in hopes of seeing the master, though both the old woman and Partridge continually importuned him to depart; for the latter, being extremely superstitious, was firmly persuaded that they were in company with a witch. At length the old woman, with terror in her countenance, declared that she heard her master's signal, and at the same instant several voices were heard without the door, uttering curses, and crying, Shew us money this instant; your money, you villain, or we will blow out your brains. Jones, seeing a pair of pistols, asked if they were loaded; on which the old woman begged they would not murder her, to which he made no answer, but snatching an old broad sword, which hung in the room, instantly sallied out, and finding the old gentleman struggling with two ruffians, and begging for mercy, when, asking no questions, he attacked them so briskly with the broad sword, that the fellows quitting their hold, betook themselves to their heels, crying with bitter oaths, that they were dead men. Jones then lifted up the old gentleman, who had been thrown down in the scuffle, expressing great concern, lest he should have received any harm from the villains. When, finding that he was unhurt, but was not without apprehensions, Mr. Jones told him, that they were his friends, and that having missed their way, that cold night, they had taken the liberty of warming themselves at his

fire, and were just departing, when they heard him call for assistance, which Providence alone seemed to have sent him. Providence, indeed, cries the old gentleman, if it be so!— So it is, I assure you, cried Jones. Here, Sir, is your own sword; I have used it in your own defence, and now return it into your own hand. The old man having received the sword, which was stained with the blood of his enemies, cried, You have been my deliverer indeed; and then invited him into the house.

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## CHAP. X.

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**J**ONES and Partridge spent the night with the old man, and the next morning walked, in company with the stranger, to the top of the hill, when they had one of the most noble prospects in the world. They then walked to that part of the hill which looks to the north-west, and hangs over a vast and extensive wood, where they no sooner arrived, then they heard at a distance the screams of a woman, proceeding from the wood below them. Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companions, slid down the hill, and made directly to the thicket whence

whence the sound had issued; but had not proceeded far in the wood before he beheld a woman, stripped half naked, struggling with a ruffian, who had put his garter round her neck, and was endeavouring to draw her up to a tree; when flying at the villain, he made such use of his oaken stick, that he laid him on the ground, nor did he cease his blows till the woman begged him to forbear; and falling on her knees, gave him a thousand thanks for her deliverance.

The ruffian on the ground now beginning to move, Jones took the garter, which had been intended for a very different purpose, and tied both his hands behind him. He then looked in his face, and to his great surprize found that he was no other than ensign Northerton, who immediately knew him, and with the utmost arrogance demanded satisfaction for such an insult upon a man of honour; Jones told him, it did not become such a villain to contaminate the name of honour; but that he would deliver him up to justice. Then turning to the woman, asked her if she was near home, or knew any body in the neighbourhood where she might procure herself decent cloaths, in order to proceed to a justice of the peace. She answered, that she was an entire stranger in that part of the world. Jones then stepping out of the wood, soon perceived the old man sitting on the brow of the hill, and ascended it with the utmost agility. The old

man advised him to take the woman to Upton, where he might furnish her with all manner of conveniencies; and directing him to the place, Jones took his leave of him, and desired him to direct Partridge the same way, and immediately returned to the woman, whom he found alone; for the villain, though his hands were tied, had found his legs at liberty, and prudently made his escape.

Jones now proceeded with his ragged companion to Upton, where he entered one of the genteelst inns in the place, when the wretched appearance of the woman, and Jones insisting on her being admitted to a room, caused a very great disturbance, and produced some blows: but a serjeant and a file of musqueteers coming to the house, and calling her Captain Waters's lady, the scene changed, and the landlady very readily lent her some of her own cloaths, on her offering her twice as much money for that favour as they were worth.

This lady, who was not distinguished for her modesty, being struck with the person of Jones, was no sooner alone with him, than she made such advances, as let him know she had no favours in her power which she would scruple to bestow on her deliverer, and actually tempted him to come to her bed.

The lovely Sophia, finding she should be forced to marry Mr. Blifil, had escaped from home in company with her maid Honour, in order to shelter herself from the effects of her  
father's

father's violence, in the family of a lady who resided in London, with whom she was intimately acquainted, and arrived late at this very inn, where Partridge had just before mentioned her name, and declared that she was distractedly in love with his master, who was Mr. Jones, 'squire, Allworthy's son and heir. The joy she would have felt at hearing that Mr. Jones was in the house, was thus converted into indignation, which was greatly encreased, when she was told by the maid, that Mr. Jones was in bed with a woman he had brought into the house. She now resolved to banish him for ever from her thoughts, as a man abandoned to vice, and sunk below her notice or regard; and at the same time determined to let him know, she was acquainted with his baseness; and for that purpose wrote her name with a pencil upon a piece of paper, and pinning it to the muff, already mentioned, bribed one of the maids of the house, by a present of a couple of guineas, to leave it at his bed-side. Then ordering the horses to be got ready, proceeded towards London with Honour.

As Jones returned to his bed in the dark, he did not find the muff till he was ready to rise, and no sooner had it in his hand, and read the words Sophia Western, than his looks grew frantic, and eagerly cry'd, O Heavens! how came this muff here? I know no more than your honour, cried Partridge, who was in the room; but I saw it upon the arm of one of

the women, who would have disturbed you, if I would have suffered them. Where are they, cried Jones. Many miles off I believe by this time, said Partridge. The behaviour of Jones on this occasion beggars all description. After many bitter execrations on Partridge, and not fewer on himself, he ordered the poor fellow, who was frightened out of his wits, to run down and hire him horses at any rate, and a few minutes after, having slipped on his cloaths, he hasted down stairs, to execute the orders he himself had just given.

They set forwards, and at length came to a cross way, when a lame fellow asked them for alms, and Jones giving him a shilling, the fellow cried out, Sir, I have a curious thing here in my pocket, which I found about two miles off, if your worship will please to buy it. He then pulled out a little gilt pocket-book; which he delivered into Jones's hand, who presently opening it, saw in the first page, the words Sophia Western written by her own fair hand; he no sooner read the name, than pressing it to his lips, he fell into the most frantic raptures. But while he was thus kissing it, a piece of paper fell from its leaves to the ground, which Partridge took up, and delivered it to Jones, who presently perceived it to be a bank bill of a hundred pounds. Jones gave the poor man a guinea in exchange for the book, for which he returned him a thousand thanks, and discovered almost as much joy

joy as Jones himself; but soon hearing what it contained became very dissatisfied, and demanded more money. On which Jones promising to reward him better another time, took down his name and place of abode, and then pursued his journey.

Jones travelled two or three days, without meeting with any adventurer so remarkable as to demand a place in this work, till at last being got about two miles beyond Barnet, at the dusk of the evening, a genteel looking man, on a shabby horse, rode up to them, and observed, that if they were going to London, he should be glad of their company; for it was late, and he was a stranger to the road. Jones readily complied with the request, and the stranger expressing great apprehensions of robbers, Jones declared he had little to lose, and consequently as little to fear. Here Partridge cried, your honour may think it a little, but I am sure, if I had a hundred pound bank note in my pocket, as you have, I should be very sorry to lose it; but for my part, I never was afraid in my life, for if we stand by one another, the best man in England can't rob us. However, when they had arrived within a mile of Highgate, the stranger turning short on Jones, and pulling out a pistol, demanded the little bank note. Jones, who was at first somewhat shocked, offered the highwayman three guineas, which was all he had in his pocket; but he answering it would not do, Jones coolly re-

turned



turned the money into his pocket, while the highwayman threatened if he did not instantly deliver the bank note he must shoot him, and then held the pistol near his breast. Jones instantly caught hold of the fellow's hand, which trembled violently; and turning the muzzle from him, a struggle ensued, in which the former wrested the pistol from the hand of his antagonist, and both came from their horses to the ground. The fellow implored mercy of the conqueror, declaring that he had no intention to shoot him, the pistol not being loaded. That this was the first robbery he had ever attempted, and that he had been driven to it by the greatest distress. At this instant, Partridge, who had endeavoured to escape, had been thrown from his horse, and lay flat on his face, roaring for mercy, and not daring to look up. But at length, finding that his master had got the better of the highwayman, he ran up to him, and no sooner saw him standing over him with his drawn sword in his hand, than he cried out, Kill the villain, Sir, run him through the body. Jones, however, having examined the pistol, and found it really to be unloaded began to believe all the man had told him, that he had been driven to it by distress, he having five hungry children, and a wife lying-in of a sixth, in the utmost want and misery; the fellow offering to convince him, if he would take the trouble to go to his house, which was not above two miles distant. Jones pretended

pretended that he would take him at his word, declaring that his fate should entirely depend on the truth of his story. Upon which the poor fellow expressed so much alacrity, that Jones was perfectly satisfied with his veracity; and returning the fellow his pistol, advised him to think of honest means of relieving his distress, giving him a couple of guineas, for the immediate support of his wife and family; adding, he wished he had more, for his sake, for the hundred pounds was not his own. The highwayman expressed the utmost gratitude, and vowed he would never again commit such a transgression. But Partridge expressed himself highly dissatisfied at his not being brought to justice.

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## CHAP. XI.

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**J**ONES, on his arrival in London, made use of his utmost endeavours to find out his dear Sophia, by enquiring of her relations. The lady Bellaston having seen him, and being struck with his figure, he being one of the handsomest men in England, made some advances to him, and engaged him to visit her, when

when imagining, as was really the case, that he was destitute of money, she made him a present of a bank note of fifty pounds.

Mr. Jones took up his lodging at the same house which Mr. Allworthy constantly used when in town. It was inhabited by Mrs. Miller, a very worthy gentlewoman, who had two daughters, and who had received very extraordinary favours from Mr. Allworthy. There also lived in the same family Mr. Nightingale, a very agreeable young gentleman, who paid his addresses to one of Mrs. Miller's daughters.

One day Mrs. Miller had invited Mr. Jones and Mr. Nightingale to dinner; but did not come home till almost five o'clock, when she apologized for her behaviour, by observing that she had been to see her cousin, who lived at about six miles distant; whose wife had scarcely lain in a week, yet notwithstanding the severity of the weather, lay in a cold room, without any curtains to her bed, and not a bushel of coals in the house to supply her with a fire. She described, in the most pathetic terms, the behaviour of the children, one of whom lay ill of a quinsey in the same bed with its mother, there being no other bed in the house. The father, said she, is most worthy of compassion. Poor man, his countenance is the very picture of horror, and he looks like one rather dead than alive. O heavens, what a scene did I behold at my first entering the room!

room ! He was laying behind the bolster, supporting at once both his wife and his child. He had nothing on but a thin waistcoat, his coat being spread over the bed, to supply the want of blankets. When he rose up at my entrance, I scarce knew him. As comely a man, Mr. Jones, within this fortnight, as you ever beheld. His eyes now sunk, his face pale, with a long beard. His body shivering with cold, and worn with hunger too, for my cousin says, she can hardly prevail upon him to eat. He himself, alas ! whispered to me, that he could not bear to eat the bread his children wanted. And yet, can you believe it, his wife had very good caudle. The means of procuring which, he said, he believed was sent him by an angel from heaven. I know not what he meant, I had not spirit to ask. The poor man was bail for the villain his brother ; and about a week ago, the very day before his wife was brought to bed, their goods were all carried away, and sold by an execution.

This description, which was given in the most moving accents, Mr. Jones could not hear with dry eyes ; his whole soul was affected, and taking Mrs. Miller into another room, he delivered her his purse, in which was the sum of fifty pounds, and desired her to send as much of it as she thought proper to these poor people. The look Mrs. Miller gave him is not to be described. Good heavens, cried

she

she, is there such a man in the world? Then recollecting herself, she added, indeed I know one such, but can there be another? I hope, madam, cried Jones, there are many who have common humanity, and to relieve such distresses can hardly be called more. Mrs. Miller then took ten guineas, which was the utmost he could prevail with her to accept, and which she promised him to convey to her cousin early the next morning.

The next day Mrs. Miller rapped at Mr. Jones's door, and desired his company to drink tea in the parlour. Upon his entrance into the room, she introduced a person to him saying, This, sir, is my cousin, who has been so highly obliged by your goodness, and for which he begs to return you his sincerest thanks. The man had scarce begun to utter his grateful acknowledgments, when both Jones and he, looking stedfastly at each other, shewed the utmost marks of surprize. The voice of the latter began to falter, and instead of finishing his speech, he sunk into a chair, crying, Is it so, I am convinced it is so!

Bless me, what's the matter, cried Mrs. Miller, you are not ill, I hope, cousin? Some water, a dram this instant. Don't be frightened, Madam, cried Jones, I have almost as much need of a dram as your cousin. We are equally surprized at this unexpected meeting. Your cousin is an acquaintance of mine, Mrs. Miller. An acquaintance, cries the man, O heavens?

heavens? Ay, an acquaintance, whom I shall ever love and honour, for his affection to his wife and children. Cousin, cries the man, this is the angel from heaven whom I meant. This is he, to whom, before I saw you, I owed the preservation of my Peggy. He is the worthiest, bravest, noblest of all human beings. O cousin, I have obligations to this gentleman of such a nature.—Mention nothing of obligations, cried Jones eagerly. Not a word, I insist upon it. If, by the trifle you have received from me, I have preserved a whole family, sure pleasure was never bought so cheap. O sir, cries the man, I wish you could this instant see my house. My cousin told me, she informed you of the distress in which she found us. That, sir, is all greatly removed, and chiefly by your goodness—My children have now a bed to lie on, and they have—they have—eternal blessings reward you for it,—they have bread to eat. My little boy is recovered; my wife is out of danger, and I am happy. All, all owing to you, sir, and to my cousin here, one of the best of women. Indeed, sir, I must see you at my house. Indeed my wife must see you, and thank you. My children too must express their gratitude—O sir, the little hearts which you have warmed, had now, without your assistance, been cold as ice.

Jones attempted to prevent the poor man's proceeding; and Mrs. Miller began to pour

forth her thanksgivings; and concluded with saying, she made no doubt but such goodness would meet a glorious reward. Jones answered, he had already been sufficiently rewarded. Your cousin's account, madam, said he, has given me a more pleasing sensation than I have ever known. If there are men who cannot feel the delight of giving happiness to others, I sincerely pity them; as they are incapable of taking what, in my opinion, is a greater honour, a higher interest, and a sweeter pleasure; these the ambitious, the avaricious, or the voluptuous man can never know.

Mr. Jones, now shaking his friend by the hand, and desiring to see him again as soon as possible, took his leave, he having promised to spend the evening at Lady Bellaston's; and went away exulting in the happiness he had procured to this poor family; and reflecting with horror on the dreadful consequence, had he, when attacked on the road, listened rather to the voice of rigorous justice than to that of mercy.

Mr. Jones, on his arrival at Lady Bellaston's, was shewn into the drawing-room, that lady not being at home; but he had not been many minutes there, before the door opened, and in came no other than Sophia herself, who went directly to the glass, without looking towards the upper end of the room, where Mr. Jones stood as motionless as a statue. In this glass, after

after casting a look on her lovely face, she discovered the statue, and instantly turning round, gave a scream, and was ready to faint, when Jones ran, and caught her in his arms. After a short pause, Mr. Jones, with a faltering voice, said, I see, Madam, you are surprized. O heavens, cried she, indeed I am surprized. I almost doubt whether you are the person you seem. Indeed, Madam, returned he, I am the wretched Jones, whom fortune has at last kindly conducted to you. O my Sophia, did you know the thousand torments I have suffered in this long fruitless pursuit.—Pursuit of me, said Sophia, assuming a reserved air. Has Mr. Jones then any such important business with me? To some, Madam, this might seem of importance, giving her the pocket book. I hope, Madam, you will find it of the same value as when it was lost. She took the pocket book, and was going to speak, when he cried, O my Sophia, I have business of a much superior kind.—Thus, on my knees, let me ask your pardon. My pardon, said she, sure, after what has passed, you cannot expect—I scarce know what I say, answered he. O my Sophia, henceforth never cast away a thought on such a wretch as I am. If any remembrance of me should ever give a moment's uneasiness to that tender bosom, think of my unworthiness, and let the remembrance of what passed at Upton blot me for ever from your thoughts.



Sophia stood trembling; and though she was before as white as snow, at the mention of Upton she blushed, and turned away her eyes with a look of disdain. O my Sophia, cried he, my only love, you cannot hate or despise me more for what happened there, than I do myself. But do me the justice to think that my heart was never unfaithful to you; that had no share in the folly I was guilty of. It was even then unalterably yours. But if it had not been engaged, she, into whose company I there accidentally fell, was not an object of serious love. I have never, my angel, seen her from that day to this, and never intend or desire to see her again. This gave Sophia a secret pleasure; but endeavouring to conceal it, she coldly answered, why Mr. Jones do you take the trouble to make a defence where you are not accused? If I thought it worth while to accuse you, I have a charge of an unpardonable nature indeed. What for heaven's sake is it, answered he. O, she returned, how is it possible! Can every thing noble, and every thing base, be lodged together in the same bosom? Could I have expected such treatment from you? from any gentleman, from any man of honour? To have my name traduced in public at inns, among the meanest vulgar? To have any little favours that my unguarded heart may have too lightly betrayed me to grant, boasted of there!

Nay,

Nay, even to hear, that you had been forced to fly from my love!

Jones's surprize exceeded all bounds; but he soon found that this was owing to Partridge's talk at the inns; before landlords and servants. He had, however, no great difficulty to make her believe his being innocent of an offence so foreign to his character; but she had a great deal to prevent his going instantly home to punish Partridge as he deserved. This point being cleared up, they fell into a conversation, in which he let fall some words that sounded like a proposal of marriage. To which she replied, that she could not. Duty to her father, forbad her thinking of involving herself and him in ruin. At the word ruin he started, and striking his breast, cried, O Sophia, can I then ruin thee? No, by heaven no! I will never act so base a part. Dearest Sophia, whatever it costs me. I will renounce you, I will tear all such hopes from my heart as are inconsistent with your real good. My love I will ever retain; but it shall be in silence; it shall be in some foreign land, from whence no voice, no sighs of my despair, shall ever reach and disturb your ears. He was there stopped by Sophia's tears; he kissed them from her cheeks. But she then, recollecting herself, withdrew out of his arms; and to turn the discourse, asked him how he came thither? But he was

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prevented

prevented from answering by the entrance of lady Bellaston, which introduced a discourse on different matters, not very interesting to the reader.

A few days after, Mr. Western arrived, he having been informed by one of his relations that his daughter was at lady Bellaston's, and abruptly entering the room where she was, took her away with him, and carried her to his inn, where after attempting in vain, by his threats and persuasions, to make her promise that she would marry Mr. Blifil, he confined her in an upper chamber several days, till his sister coming to town, took her out of his hands, and carried her to her own lodgings; for that lady having a great estate at her own disposal, Mr. Western, though he often quarrelled with her, was always obliged to submit, for fear she would leave her fortune out of the family. Mrs. Western's views, with respect to Sophia, were now become very different from those of her brother. The lady Bellaston had let her know, that lord Fellamar was become desperately in love with her niece, and the prospect of an alliance with a person of such distinguished rank made her at once desert the interest of Blifil, and make use of her utmost endeavours to inspire the mind of Sophia with ambitious views, and engage her affections by flattering her vanity. But Sophia being not to be moved, Mrs. Western made use of all her influence with her brother,

ther, and joined that influence with the solicitation of her friends, and many persons of rank; but he obstinately adhered to his resolution of marrying her to Blifil, and heartily cursed all lords and courtiers, with whom he would have no alliance. She even then endeavoured to force the lovely Sophia to marry that nobleman against her father's consent; but this she absolutely refused, at which the old lady was so exasperated, that she took her again to her father, who redoubled his solicitations, mixed with the bitterest curses, that she should either marry Blifil or starve.

Mean while Jones was engaged in an affair that exercised his humanity. The worthy Mrs. Miller was involved in deep distress. Mr. Nightingale, who had paid his addresses to one of her daughters, had left the house, and Mr. Jones was to have an apartment in the new lodgings he had taken; but the young gentleman was no sooner gone, than he wrote to Miss Nancy Miller, to whom he had long paid his addresses, that he must be obliged to think of her no more; his father having informed him, that he must marry a lady of fortune whom he had provided for him, and that his future felicity depended on his compliance. This letter threw the whole family into the utmost confusion. Miss Nancy, on receiving it, fell into fits; and to add to the distress of the mother, the unhappy girl confessed herself with child by him. She had been deceived by ge-

nerous

nerous sentiments of disinterested love, and by promises of marriage, frequently uttered by Mr. Nightingale, and her agitations and continual fits seemed to threaten her life. Her mother, who was a woman of the strictest virtue, was reduced to the depth of despair, on seeing the most dutiful of her children, the darling of her soul, and the pride of her heart, in so dreadful a situation.

Mr. Jones was so shocked and distressed at the scene, that he could not forbear endeavouring to the utmost of his power to give them consolation; and told Mrs. Miller he would go immediately, and make use of all his influence to engage Mr. Nightingale to do her daughter justice.

Jones found him in his new lodgings; sitting melancholy by the fire, and lamenting the unhappy situation to which he had reduced the poor unhappy girl, whom he tenderly loved; though the view of interest, and the fear of incurring the censure of the world, had made him resolve to forsake her.

Mr. Jones urged every consideration of humanity, virtue, and true honour, to prevail on him to do her justice. Can you, with honour, said he, be guilty of having, under false pretences, deceived a young woman and her family, and of having by these means treacherously robbed her of her innocence? Can you, with honour, be knowingly the wilful, nay, I must add the artful, contriver of the ruin of a human

human being? Can you, with honour, destroy the fame, the peace, nay, probably, both the life and soul too, of this poor unhappy creature? Can honour bear the thought, that this creature is a tender, helpless, defenceless young woman, who loves, who doats on you, who dies for you, who hath placed the utmost confidence in your promises; and to that confidence hath sacrificed every thing which is dear to her?

Mr. Nightingale, unable to withstand the strength of his reasons and the force of his eloquence, protested that if he had no inclination to consult but his own, he would marry her the next morning; observing, that he should never be happy with any other woman; and that could his father be induced to comply with his desires, nothing could be wanting to complete his felicity. Mr. Jones replied, that though he had not the honour of knowing his father, he would wait upon him immediately. He therefore took his leave, and calling upon old Mr. Nightingale, endeavoured to induce him to favour the match, by representing it as already concluded; and by giving the most amiable description of the virtue, prudence, and many accomplishments of the young lady whom his son had married, without his knowledge. The old man was highly offended at being disappointed in his views, and at hearing that the young woman whom his son had chosen had little or no for-

tune, for he was extremely avaricious, and considered great wealth as essential to happiness. But at this instant the gentleman's brother entered the room; and on hearing Mr. Jones's arguments, joined with him in telling his brother that the woman whom he had chose for his son, without ever seeing her, would have rendered the youth miserable: For besides her person being extremely disagreeable, she was of an ill-natured, sordid disposition. He therefore expressed his satisfaction that the youth had escaped from the snare that was laid for him; and though he was sorry the girl his nephew had chose wanted a fortune, he endeavoured to persuade his brother, since it was over, to make the best of it. And even, at Mr. Jones's invitation, went himself to visit the lady.

When Mr. Jones returned to Mrs. Miller's, in company with the uncle, he found the scene entirely changed. Mr. Nightingale was there, and had promised to marry her the next morning, and nothing was to be seen but the effects of joy and transport. Mrs. Miller could not forbear calling Mr. Jones out of the room, when falling on her knees, she expressed her gratitude to him in the warmest and most affecting terms, and gave him a thousand blessings. She then informed him, that every thing was settled, and the next morning was to render them all completely happy. They then returned to the company, and the evening was spent in the most agreeable manner.

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CHAP. XII.

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WHILE Mr. Jones was thus contributing to the happiness of others, he himself was under the deepest distress, on account of the persecutions Sophia met with from her relations, and the impossibility of seeing her. At this time, Mrs. Fitzpatrick, a lady who was nearly related to Sophia, and had escaped from a husband, who had treated her with great cruelty, sent to speak with Mr. Jones, whereupon he paid her a visit, in which she endeavoured to persuade him to get access to Sophia, by pretending to address her aunt: A piece of deceit which Jones could not approve; but just as he was leaving the house, Mr. Fitzpatrick, who had found where his wife lived, seeing a handsome, well dressed young fellow coming from her, made directly up to him, and asked him what he had been doing in that house? Jones answered, that he had been visiting a lady there; but after a few words Mr. Fitzpatrick gave him a blow with his cane, which made him stagger, telling him that if he did not give him satisfaction



for that blow, he would give him another, on which they both drew; and though Mr. Jones knew nothing of fencing, he pressed so boldly on Mr. Fitzpatrick, that he beat down his guard, and sheathed one half of his sword in his body. At that instant, a number of fellows rushed in and carried the unhappy youth before a justice, who committed him to the Gatehouse. Jones's misery was now not to be described: For as it was apprehended that Fitzpatrick's wound was mortal, he had the prospect of being brought to his trial, and of soon dying an ignominious death.

When Mr. Western set out for London, he had engaged Mr. Blifil to follow him thither; and Mr. Allworthy resolved to accompany him. They had both arrived and taken up their lodgings at Mrs. Miller's, and had already visited Miss Sophia, who could not be brought to favour Blifil's addresses. The day after Mr. Jones had been committed to the Gatehouse, Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller were sat down to breakfast, when Blifil came in, but had not been long seated, before he told Mr. Allworthy that his adopted son, that Jones, that wretch, whom he had nourished in his bosom, had proved one of the greatest villains upon earth. Mrs. Miller, whose heart was warmed with the highest gratitude for the generous youth, immediately interrupted him, by saying, he was no villain, for he was one of the worthiest creatures breathing. Mr. All-

worthy looked surprized, and said, he was amazed at her defending a fellow whom she did not know. She answered, that she did know him, and should be the most ungrateful of all wretches did she deny it; for he had preserved her and her little family, and she should ever pray to God to bless him, and turn the hearts of his malicious enemies. Mr. Allworthy again expressed his surprize, and observed, that it was impossible the man his nephew meant should lay her under any such obligations. She repeated that she had obligations to him of the greatest and tenderest kind; and that she was sure Mr. Allworthy had been grossly abused, or else he, who was all goodness and honour, would not have so disdainfully called him fellow, since he deserved a kinder appellation, as he never mentioned his name without a sort of adoration; and she had heard him utter the kindest, most grateful things of his dear benefactor. O sir, added she, I don't love that child there, better than he loves you.

Mr. Allworthy then expressed his resentment at some insinuations she threw out against Mr. Blifil, who, he said, had been the warmest advocate for the ungrateful wretch whose cause she espoused; but the good woman was not to be intimidated. She repeated that he was deceived, that indeed the young man had the faults of wildness, and of youth, which she hoped and believed he would relinquish; but

they were vastly over-balanced by one of the most humane, tender, honest hearts: that ever man was blessed with.

Mr. Allworthy told her that he should be glad to hear a good excuse for her behaviour, which he thought wanted it; and then bid Blifil proceed with his story. Mr. Blifil, after insinuating that if Mr. Allworthy could forgive Mrs. Miller's usage, he ought to do it, added, that he was sorry to say, that Jones had killed a man; he would not say murdered him, for it might not, perhaps be so construed in law. Mr. Allworthy looked shocked, and turning to Mrs. Miller, asked what she had to say now. She expressed her surprize and grief, and maintained that if the fact was true, it was not he that was in fault, for she never saw one so gentle, or so sweet-tempered.

The conversation was interrupted by a visit from Mr. Western, who came to tell Mr. Allworthy of the solicitations he had received to engage him to marry his daughter to a nobleman; but he persisted in maintaining that Blifil should have her in spite of all the world, and whatever Sophia could say or do to the contrary. Mr. Allworthy, however, strongly urged the impropriety of using force in an affair, in which the happiness of the lady entirely consisted. To discharge the matrimonial duties, said he, in an adequate manner, is no easy task; and shall we lay this burthen upon a woman, while we, at the same time, de-

prive her of all that assistance which may enable her to undergo it? Shall we tear her very heart from her, while we enjoin her duties, to which a whole heart is scarce equal? I must here speak very plainly. I think parents, who act in this manner, are accessaries to all the guilt which their children afterwards incur, and of course must, before a just judge, expect to partake of their punishment; and therefore, as the young lady is unhappily averse to my nephew, I must decline any further thoughts of the honour you intended him.

Mr. Western expressed his disapprobation of this speech, which he attempted to answer, in such absurd terms as made Mr. Allworthy smile. Mr. Blifil, however, desired to speak, and observed, that he was averse to using any violence with the young lady; but hoped that by perseverance he might gain her affections; that indeed he was too sensible the wickedest of men remained uppermost in her heart; but that when she heard of the murder he had committed——Murder! cried Western! And is there any hopes of his being hanged? I am glad of it. He then fell a singing and capering round the room, and having several times expressed his joy, departed.

Mr. Allworthy and his nephew going to dine with Mr. Western, Mrs. Miller went to pay Mr. Jones a visit at the Gatehouse, where she found Mr. Nightingale had arrived before her. While Jones was expressing his satisfaction at

the kind visit of his friends, Partridge brought an account that Mr. Fitzpatrick was still alive, though the surgeon declared he had very little hopes; and Mr. Nightingale endeavoured to give him consolation, by observing, that if the fellow should die, he would have nothing to reproach himself with, since he had only taken away the life of a ruffian in his own defence; and that he himself was in no danger. To which Jones gravely answered, that whatever might be his fate, he should always lament his having shed the blood of one of his fellow creatures, as one of the greatest misfortunes that could have befallen him. He then represented his distress with respect to Sophia: On which Mrs. Miller offered to wait on that lady, and he gave her a letter, which she promised to deliver into her own hand; and which she accordingly accomplished, though Sophia could with difficulty be persuaded to receive it.

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### CHAP. XIII.

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**W**HEN Mr. Allworthy returned from Mr. Western, with whom he had dined, Mrs. Miller had a long discourse with him, in which she informed him of Jones's having the misfortune to lose all he had been pleased to be-

stow on him at their separation, of which she had received an account from Partridge. She then explained the obligations she and her family had received from Jones, to which he replied, that there are few characters so vicious as not to have some mixture of good; but bad as the fellow was, she had some obligations to him, and therefore he would excuse what was past; but insisted on her never mentioning his name any more. But she was not to be so easily restrained; she again insinuated that he had been imposed upon; and he threatened to leave her house, commending his nephew as the worthiest and best of men. Mrs. Miller begged him not to be angry with her, and then exclaimed, how often have I heard you call him your son? How often have you talked to me of him with all the fondness of a parent? I cannot, sir, forget the many tender expressions you used when you told me of his beauty, his virtues, his good nature, and his generosity. O sir, I cannot forget them; for I find them all true; they have preserved my family. You must pardon my tears, sir. If you had a dagger in your hand ready to plunge into my heart, I must lament the misery of one whom you have loved, and I shall ever love.

Mr. Allworthy was moved, and after a short silence took her by the hand, and mentioning her daughter, said he was acquainted with old Mr. Nightingale, and would pay him a visit, in order to serve her. On which she expressed

many acknowledgments. Mr. Allworthy and Mrs. Miller had been above an hour together, when an end was put to their conversation by the arrival of Blifil, and Mr. Dowling an attorney, who was become a great favourite of Mr. Blifil, and whom Mr. Allworthy, at his nephew's desire, had made his steward.

We shall now return to Mr. Jones, who had passed above twenty-four hours alone, when Mr. Nightingale, who had spent that time in searching for the persons who saw the fact, arrived; and told him, to his great surprise, that he had at last met with two fellows who were present at the unhappy accident, but related the story very differently, maintaining that he gave the first blow. This Jones firmly denied. But while he was vindicating his innocence, he was interrupted by the turnkey, who informed him that a lady desired to speak with him; on which Mr. Nightingale took his leave, and the lady was admitted; when, to Jones's great astonishment, he found it to be Mrs. Waters, whom he had delivered from the Ensign, and with whom he had been too familiar at Upton.

This woman living in the same house with Mr. Fitzpatrick, came to bring him the agreeable news that he was out of danger; and that in case he died, he had done Mr. Jones strict justice; by declaring that he himself was entirely the aggressor, and that Mr. Jones was not in the least to blame. Jones expressed the

the highest satisfaction at this account, and Mrs. Waters took her leave.

She had not, however, been gone many minutes, when Partridge, came staring into the room, trembling every limb, as if he had seen a spectre; and immediately asked whether that was the woman he met with at Upton? When Jones saying that she was, Partridge cried out, Then the Lord have mercy on your soul, and forgive you; for this is Jenny Jones; as sure as you stand here alive, you have been in bed with your own mother. Jones was struck dumb with amazement, horror was painted in his countenance, and they stood staring wildly at each other. At length Jones recovering his speech lamented his misfortunes, and sent him after her, to desire her to return, and then fell into the most violent and frantic agonies of grief and despair.

We have just observed, that Mr. Allworthy went to visit old Mr. Nightingale. At his entrance into that gentleman's house, he saw black George come out of it, of which he at first took no notice. He sat with Mr. Nightingale three hours, and at last had the pleasure of prevailing on him to consent to see his son. This business being thus happily ended, Mr. Allworthy asked him if he knew one George Seagrim, and upon what business he came to his house. When he told him, that the man had hoarded up 50*l.* which he had given him in five bank bills, that he might lay them ou



either in a mortgage, or in some purchase in the North of England. Mr. Allworthy desired to see them; and they were no sooner produced, than he told him that they were formerly his, and acquainted him with his having given them to Jones.

On Mr. Allworthy's return to his lodgings, he found Mrs. Miller very dejected, on account of the information she had received that Mr. Jones had first struck the person who was wounded. Mr. Allworthy, to remove her concern, immediately informed her of his having brought Mr. Nightingale to consent to see his son; and of his having no doubt of producing a perfect reconciliation between them. She received the account with the utmost thankfulness and pleasure. He then informed her that he had recovered a pretty considerable treasure for the young gentleman her friend; though, in his present situation, it might be of no service to him. Mrs. Miller observed, that she had heard a very bad account of the affair, but lamented that she must not be allowed to speak; on which Mr. Allworthy observed, that he should be now heartily glad to find that Jones could acquit himself of every thing, and particularly of this last sad affair; though he had not withdrawn his affection from him, without thinking he had the justest cause.

This alteration in Mr. Allworthy's mind was occasioned by a letter he had just received from Mr. Square, a gentleman whom he had

kept many years in his house, and was now at Bath, where he lay at the point of death. In this letter, he observed that nothing lay so heavy upon his conscience as his injustice to Mr. Allworthy's adopted son, who had been basely injured, particularly with respect to the fact, upon the misrepresentation of which he had been discarded; observing, that when he lay on his supposed death-bed, Jones was the only person in the house who shewed any real concern; and what happened afterwards arose from the wildness of his joy on his benefactor's recovery, and the baseness of another person, whom he should not accuse. He then mentioned the integrity of Jones's heart, and observed, that though he had some faults, a want of duty or gratitude to his benefactor was not one of them. He added, that he had been basely induced by worldly motives to conceal this so long, and that he had now no other inducement to reveal it, but to atone for his own crimes, by justifying the innocent.

Mrs. Miller, being at this time called out, presently entered, introducing young Mr. Nightingale, who she said had been to see the wounded gentleman, who was out of all danger, and declared that he fell upon poor Mr. Jones and beat him. Mr. Nightingale confirmed what Mrs. Miller had said, and added some very handsome things of Jones; and at Mrs. Miller's desire, repeated several of the affectionate expressions he had heard him utter, in speaking

speaking of Mr. Allworthy; and concluded with begging that gentleman's pardon. Mr. Allworthy applauded his generous friendship, and confessed that if the affair should turn out as he had represented it, he might be brought to think better of the young man than he had lately done; adding, this good gentlewoman here can witness that I loved him as dearly as if he had been my own son. Indeed I have considered him as a child committed by fortune to my care. I still remember the helpless situation in which I found him, and at this moment feel the tender pressure of his little hands. —He was my darling, indeed he was.

Mr. Allworthy then hearing that Jones's servant was without, ordered him to be called. On his entering the room, he knew Partridge at first sight, and with great amazement asked if he was Mr. Jones's servant. He replied, that he was not indeed a regular servant, but lived with him at present; and the rest of the company leaving the room, Mr. Allworthy observed that he was the strangest of all human beings to pass thus upon the world for the servant of his own son. Partridge still denied in the most strenuous manner, his being the young man's father, and at last added, if your honour will not believe me, you are like soon to have satisfaction. I wish you had mistaken the mother of this young man as well as the father; and being asked what he meant, he with all the symptoms of horror, both in his voice and countenance,

countenance, told Mr. Allworthy what had happened at Upton, where he had not seen the woman, or he should have known her.

Mr. Allworthy appeared equally shocked. Good heavens, cried he, in what miseries are men involved by vice and imprudence! How much beyond our designs are the effects of wickedness sometimes carried! At this moment Mrs. Waters abruptly entered the room, and Partridge cried, Here, sir, is the very woman herself, I am sure she will acquit me. Mrs. Waters, without regarding what Partridge said, came up to Mr. Allworthy; on which he coolly asked her, whether she had any particular business with him. She answered that she had, and desired the favour of a word with him alone. Partridge was then ordered to withdraw; and she having declared that he was not the father of the child, began a relation, which at once fixed his attention, and redoubled his astonishment. She reminded him, that he had once a young gentleman in his house named Sumner, whom he himself had bred up at the university, and had a fine person, with much wit and good breeding. This gentleman, said she, was the father of the child; but that she was not its mother. Though she had conveyed the infant to his bed, and afterwards owned it; for by the generosity of the mother, she had been nobly rewarded, both for her secrecy and her shame. This mother, she told him, was his own si-

ter ; and observed, that after his departure from London, Miss Bridget, coming to her father's house, commended her learning and superior understanding ; and ordered her to come to the great house, where, when she attended, she employed her in reading to her ; made her many presents, and at last locking the door, asked if her mother might safely be confided in ; and she answering, that she would stake her life for her fidelity, she imparted to her the great secret which laboured in her breast, and which she believed was delivered with more pain, than the lady afterwards suffered in childbirth. It was then agreed, that her mother and she should attend at the time, and that Mrs. Wilkins should be sent out of the way to the farthest part of Dorsetshire, to enquire the character of a servant. That the child was born in the presence of herself and her mother, who conveyed it to her own house, where it was kept privately till the evening of his return, when, by the command of Miss Bridget, she herself conveyed it into the bed, where he found it.

Mr. Allworthy expressed great astonishment, and could not help censuring his sister for carrying this secret with her out of the world. - Mrs. Waters said, she had frequently told her that she intended one day to communicate it to him ; and that she was highly rejoiced that her plot had succeeded so well, and that he had of his own accord taken such a fancy to the child, that

that she need not be in a hurry to make a particular declaration. O sir, added she, had the lady lived to have seen this young man turned like a vagabond from your house, and to hear that you yourself had employed a lawyer to prosecute him for a murder, of which he was not guilty:—Forgive me, sir, I must say it was unkind. Mr. Allworthy vindicated himself from this last imputation. On which she added, that a gentleman came to her, and taking her for Mr. Fitzpatrick's wife, told her, that if Mr. Jones had murdered her husband, she should be assisted with any money she wanted, to carry on the prosecution, by a very worthy gentleman, who was well apprized what a villain she had to deal with; and this man, whose name was Dowling, Mr. Jones told her, was his steward. And did Mr. Dowling, cried Allworthy, with a look of astonishment, tell you that I would assist in the prosecution? No, sir, said she. He said I should be assisted; but he mentioned no name. But you must forgive me, sir, if I thought it could be no other. Indeed, madam, cried Allworthy, I am too well convinced, from circumstances, it was no other—Good heaven! By what wonderful means is the blackest and deepest villainy sometimes discovered! He then desired her to stay till Mr. Dowling came.

At last that gentleman arrived, and, on his first entrance into the room, seeing Mrs. Wa-

ters, started; appeared in some confusion, and seemed in haste to go. On which Mr. Allworthy bolting the door, told him, that notwithstanding his haste, he must answer some questions, which he expected he would do faithfully, without prevarication. Dowling then acknowledged that Mr. Blifil had sent him to that lady, and that he spoke to her to that purpose, by Mr. Blifil's order. Mr. Allworthy had before been told by Mr. Nightingale, that he had seen Mr. Dowling with two fellows at Aldersgate, which Mr. Blifil had accounted for, by pretending that he had sent him to endeavour to soften their evidence: and Mr. Allworthy now asked him, what instructions he had received from Blifil? On which, he replied, Mr. Blifil said, blood required blood; that not only all who concealed a murderer, but those who omitted bringing him to justice, were sharers in his guilt; and that his uncle was desirous of having the villain brought to justice, though it was not proper he should appear in it; and therefore he sent him to the two persons, who were eye-witnesses of the fault. Mr. Allworthy expressed his indignation, and desired to know what he said to them; on which he acknowledged that he let them know that he had heard Mr. Jones had assaulted the gentleman first, and if that was the truth they should declare it, giving them some hints that they should be no losers; but that he should not have said what

what he did, unless it had been to oblige him. You would not, I believe, says Allworthy, have thought it would have obliged me, had you known that Jones was my own nephew. To this the other replied, it did not become him to take notice of what he thought he desired to conceal. How, cried Allworthy, and did you know it then? Indeed, sir, answered Mr. Dowling, I did know it; for they were almost the last words which Madam Blifil ever spoke, as I stood alone by her bed-side, when she delivered me the letter I brought your worship from her. What letter, cried Allworthy? The letter, sir, answered Dowling, which I brought from Salisbury, and delivered to Mr. Blifil. O heavens, cried Allworthy! What did my sister say to you? She took me by the hand, answered he, and as she delivered me the letter, said, I scarce know what I have written; tell my brother Mr. Jones is his nephew—He is my son—Bless him, added she, and then fell backward. I then called in the people, and she died in a few minutes after. Mr. Allworthy stood a minute silent with his hands lifted up, and then asked, how he came not to deliver the message? He answered, that his worship was then ill in bed, and he, being in a violent hurry, delivered the letter and message to Mr. Blifil, who told him that he would carry them both to him.—This he had since told him he did, and that his worship would not have it mentioned, and



tended to conceal it from all the world. Mr. Allworthy appeared satisfied with his relation; and having enjoined Dowling's strict silence, conducted him to the door, to prevent his seeing Blifil.

As Mr. Allworthy was returning to his room, he met Mrs. Miller in the entry, and desiring her to walk in, cried, O Mrs. Miller, the young man, to whom you are so faithful a friend, is my nephew, and brother of that wicked viper I have so long nourished in my bosom. This gentlewoman will tell you the whole story. I am convinced that he has been wronged, and that I have been abused. Abused by one whom you too justly suspected to be a villain. He is in truth the worst of villains. Mrs. Miller's joy was too great for utterance; but at length bursting into tears, she cried, and is my dear Mr. Jones your nephew? He is, cried Allworthy. And is this dear good woman, cried she, the person to whom all this discovery is owing? May heaven, said she, shower down its choicest blessings on her head; and for this one good action forgive her all her sins, be they ever so many. Mrs. Waters then let them know, that Mr. Jones would soon be released, the surgeon being gone, in company with a nobleman, to the justice who committed him, to procure his liberty. Mr. Allworthy said, he should be glad to find his nephew there at his return; but he was obliged to go out on some other business.

siness of consequence. Then calling to a servant to fetch a chair, left the ladies. Mr. Blifil immediately came down, and asked his uncle if he was going out, to which he made no answer. But when he was getting into his chair, turning about, he cried, Harkye, sir, do you find out, before my return, the letter your mother sent me on her death-bed; and then departed, leaving Mr. Blifil in a situation to be envied only by a man who is just going to be hanged.

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## CHAP. XIV.

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**M**R. Allworthy now went to pay a visit to Mr. Western, when informing him that Jones was his nephew, and that Blifil, his brother, was a treacherous villain, the 'squire instantly changed his conduct, and became as zealous for Sophia's marrying Jones, as he had before been for her being united to Blifil; and then Mr. Allworthy addressed the young lady, endeavoured to remove the ill impressions she had received from the representations that had been made to her, on some parts of Jones's conduct. Afterwards taking his leave, he returned to Mrs. Miller.

Mr. Allworthy, on his return to his lodgings, hearing that Mr. Jones was arrived before him, desired to see him alone. It is impossible to conceive a more moving scene, than the meeting between the uncle and nephew. After Mr. Allworthy had raised him from his feet, and received him into his arms, he blamed himself for his cruelty, in entertaining such unjust suspicions, and for all the sufferings they had occasioned. Jones cried out, that those sufferings were highly repaid. O my dear uncle, said he, this goodness, this tenderness, overpowers, unmans me. I can't bear the transports which flow so fast upon me. To be again restored to the presence, to the favour of my great, my noble, my generous benefactor! Mr. Allworthy repeated, I, indeed, child, have used you cruelly: and then explained Blifil's treachery, which, he said, had induced him to use him so ill. Mr. Jones urged that the wisest man might have been so deceived; the best must have acted just as he did; and that his goodness displayed itself in the midst of his anger. Alas! sir, said he, I have not been punished more than I deserved; and it shall be the business of my future life, to merit the happiness you now bestow on me; for, my dear uncle, my punishment has not been thrown away upon me. I thank heaven, I have had time to reflect on my past life, where I can discern vices and follies more than enough, to repent and to be ashamed of.

Vices.

Vices and follies that have been attended with dreadful consequences, and have brought me to the brink of destruction.

Mr. Allworthy expressed his joy at hearing him talk thus; for, as hypocrisy was never among his faults, he could readily believe all he had said. He therefore said, he would never more remind him of his errors; and that now happiness seemed to be in his own power. At these words, Jones fetched a deep sigh, and cried, O my dear uncle, I have lost a treasure. You need say no more, answered Mr. Allworthy, I have seen the young lady, and have had some discourse with her about you. As an earnest of your sincerity in all you have said, I must insist on your obeying me, by your abiding entirely by the young lady's determination, whether in your favour or not. She has already suffered enough from solicitations which I hate to think of; and I am determined she shall suffer no more confinement, no more violence. O my dear uncle, answered Jones, lay, I beseech you, some command on me, in which I shall have some merit in obedience. Believe me, sir, the only instance in which I could disobey you, would be to give an uneasy moment to my Sophia.

They were now informed, by a servant, that Mr. Western was below stairs, upon which Jones begged his uncle to entertain him a few minutes, till he had a little recovered himself;

to which the good man consented, and then went down to him.

Mrs. Miller, who had not seen Jones since his release from prison, now eagerly entered the room, and heartily wished him joy of his new found uncle. Their conversation was soon interrupted by the violence of Mr. Western, whom Mr. Allworthy himself could not refrain from him; who coming up to Mr. Jones, expressed his joy at seeing him, and his sorrow at having done any thing to offend him; observing, that he must forget and forgive. Mr. Jones politely returned, that he should never forget the many obligations he had received from him; on which Western, shaking him by the hand, cried, that he was as hearty, and as honest a cock as any in the kingdom; and that he would introduce him to his mistress that moment. But Mr. Allworthy interposing, obliged him to stay till the afternoon, when they would attend at the tea-table.

Mr. Allworthy now informed his nephew of the particulars he had heard, both from Mrs. Waters, and Mr. Dowling; at which last information, Jones expressed great astonishment. At this instant, a message was brought from Blifil, desiring to know if his uncle was at leisure, that he might wait upon him. Mr. Allworthy started, turned pale, and bid the servant tell Blifil, he knew him not. Mr. Jones  
begged

begged him to consider; on which Mr. Allworthy told him, that he should carry the message. Jones earnestly begged that he would excuse him, since what might, perhaps, be but justice from another tongue, would from his be insult. He intreated that nothing might be done while he was thus in the height of anger! consider, my dear uncle, said he, I myself was not condemned unheard. Mr. Allworthy stood a moment silent, and then embracing Jones, said, with tears gushing from his eyes, O my child, to what goodness have I been so long blind? Mrs. Miller, after a gentle rap, entering the room at that instant, and seeing Jones in the arms of his uncle, was in an agony of joy, and burst into the most ecstatic thanksgivings to heaven for what had happened. Then turning to Jones, she embraced him eagerly, crying, my dearest friend, I wish you joy a thousand and a thousand times of this blessed day. Mr. Allworthy himself received the same congratulation. To which he answered, Indeed, indeed, Mrs. Miller, I am beyond expression happy. Mrs. Miller then desired them to walk down to dinner in the parlour, where there was Mr. Nightingale and his bride. Mr. Allworthy excused himself, saying, he had ordered some little thing for him and his nephew in his own apartment; but that they would make part of her society at supper. Mrs. Miller then asked, what was to be done with Blifil, for she could

not be easy while such a villain was in the house. Mr. Allworthy answered, he was as uneasy as herself, on the same account. O, if that be the case, cried she, leave it to me, I'll soon shew him the outside of my doors, I'll warrant you. Here are two or three lusty fellows below stairs. There's no need of violence, cried Mr. Allworthy, if you'll carry him a message from me, he will depart of his own accord. Will I? said Mrs. Miller, I never did any thing in my life with a better will. Here, Mr. Jones said, he had considered the matter better, and if Mr. Allworthy pleased, would himself be the messenger; adding, that he already knew enough of his pleasure, and begged leave to acquaint him with it in his own words. He then entreated his uncle, not to drive him to despair; since, in his present situation, he was unfit to die. Mr. Allworthy thanked him for his observation, and bid him use his own discretion, but not flatter him with the hopes of forgiveness; for he would never forgive such villainy, farther than his religion obliged him, which did not extend to his conversation.

Mr. Jones, on entering Blifil's room, found that he had cast himself on the bed, where he lay abandoning himself to despair, and drowned in tears. Mr. Jones endeavoured to raise and comfort his drooping spirits, before he let him know his uncle's resolution that he should quit the house that evening. He assured him  
of

of his hearty forgiveness of all he had done against him, and offered to furnish him with what money he wanted. Blifil was, at first, sullen and silent, but then changing to the other extreme, prostrated himself on the floor before his brother, and kissed his feet. Jones shocked at his meanness; raised him up, and advised him to bear his afflictions more like a man, repeating that he would do all in his power to lessen them. Blifil then pouring forth his thanks, declared he would immediately depart to another lodging, and Mr. Jones returned to his uncle.

At length the young gentleman being dressed, attended his uncle to Mr. Western's where he found Sophia set forth to the best advantage. The tea-table was scarce removed, before Mr. Western drew Mr. Allworthy out of the room, under the pretence of business; and the lovers were left to themselves, but for some time remained silent and motionless, till at last Sophia began. Sure, sir, you are the most fortunate man in the world in this discovery. Can you really, madam, said he, with a sigh, think me so fortunate, while I have incurred your displeasure? Nay, sir, said she, you best know whether you have deserved it; so soon to engage in a new amour, while I fancied, and you pretended your heart was bleeding for me. Can I, after this, believe the passion you professed to me to be sincere? Or if I



what happiness can I expect from a man capable of such inconstancy? O my Sophia, cried he, do not doubt the sincerity of my passion. Could I have flattered myself with the most distant hopes, it would not have been in the power of any other woman to have inspired a thought, which the severest chastity could have condemned. Inconstancy to you! O Sophia, if you can have the goodness to pardon what is past, let not future apprehensions exclude me from mercy; for no repentance was ever more sincere. Sophia replied, that if she could be prevailed on by his repentance to forgive him, she must at least insist on a stronger proof of his sincerity. He begged that she would name any proof in his power. She replied, that time alone could convince her, that he had resolved to abandon these vicious courses, which she would detest him for, if she imagined him capable of persevering in them. He then implored her confidence, which he told her it should be the business of his life to deserve. Let it then, cried she, be the business of some part of your life to shew me you do deserve it; and when I see you merit my confidence, you will obtain it: But after what is past, sir, can you expect I should take you upon your word? Don't believe me upon my word, replied he; I have a better security. What is that? said Sophia, a little surprized. I will shew you, my angel, said he, drawing her gently to the glass; There, behold it there, cried

cried he, in that lovely figure, in that face, that shape, those eyes, that mind, which shines through those eyes. Can the man who shall be in the possession of these be inconstant? O my Sophia, 'tis impossible! Sophia blushed, and half smiled; but endeavouring to force her brow into a frown; if I am to judge, said she, of the future by the past, my image will no more remain in your heart when I am out of your sight, than it will in this glass, when I am out of the room. By all that is sacred, says Jones, it was never out of my heart; from the first moment of hope, that my Sophia might be my wife, all the rest of her sex became as little the objects of desire to the sense, as of passion to my heart. Well, said Sophia, the proof of this must be from time. Your situation, Mr. Jones, is now altered, and I assure you, I have a great satisfaction in the alteration. You will now want no opportunity of being near me, and of convincing me that your mind is altered too. O my angel, cried Jones, how shall I thank your goodness? And are you so kind as to own that you have a satisfaction in my prosperity? Believe me, madam, it is you alone have given me a relish to that prosperity; since I owe it to the dear hope——O my Sophia, let it not be a distant one. Permit me to beg you will fix the period. A twelve-month, perhaps, said she. O my Sophia, returned he, you have named an eternity. Perhaps it may be

something sooner, said she, and if your passion for me be what I would have it, I think you may now be easy.—Easy, Sophia! cried he, call not such happiness as mine by so cold a name. O transporting thought! Am I not assured that the blessed day will come, when I shall call you mine; when fear shall be no more; when I shall have that dear, that ecstatic delight of making my Sophia happy? —Indeed, sir, said she, that day is in your own power.—O my dear angel, cried he, these words have made me mad with joy.—But I must, I will thank those dear lips, that have so sweetly pronounced my bliss. Then catching her in his arms, he kissed her with an ardour he had never ventured before.

Mr. Western, who had stood some time listening, at this instant burst into the room, and with his hunting voice, cried, *To her Boy, to her* — That's it, little honey; O that's it. Well, what, is it all over? Has she appointed the day, boy? Shall it be to-morrow, or next day? It shan't be put off a minute longer than next day, I am resolved. Let me beseech you, sir, said Jones, don't let me be the occasion.—Psha, crias Western, I thought thou hadst been a lad of higher mettle. I tell thee it is all flim-flam. Zoodikers! she would have the wedding to-night, with all her heart: Would'st not, Sophy? Come, confess, and be an honest girl for once. What! art dumb? Why should I confess, sir? said Sophia, since it

it seems you are so well acquainted with my thoughts? That's a good girl, cried he; and dost consent then? No indeed, Sir, said she. Why, that is, he replied, only because thou lovest to be disobedient, and to plague and vex thy father.—Pray, Sir, said Jones.—I tell thee, thou art a puppy, cried Western. When I forbad her, then it was nothing but sighing and whining, and languishing, and writing; now I am vor thee, she is against thee. All the spirit of contradiction. She is above being guided and governed by her father, that is the whole truth on it. What would my papa have me do, cried Sophia. What would I ha' you do, said he, why gr'un thy hand this moment. Well, Sir, said Sophia, I will obey you, there's my hand, Mr. Jones. Well, and will you consent to ha'un-to-morrow morning? returned Western. I will be obedient to you, Sir, said she. Why then, to-morrow morning be the day, cried he. Then papa, to-morrow morning shall be the day, since you will have it so, said Sophia.

Jones then kissed her hand in a rapture of joy, while Western began to caper and dance about the room. But presently cried out, Where the devil is Allworthy? He is talking with lawyer Dowling, when he should be minding other matters. He then sallied out in quest of him, leaving the lovers to enjoy a few tender minutes alone. He, however, soon returned with Allworthy, crying, if you won't believe me, ask her yourself. Hast thou gin thy consent, Sophy, to be married

morrow? Such are your commands, Sir, said Sophia, and I dare not be guilty of disobedience. I hope, madam, said Mr. Allworthy, my nephew will merit this goodness, and will be always as sensible as I am of the honour you have done us. Yes, cries Western; but if I had suffered her to stand shilly-shally, dilly-dally, you might not have had that honour in haste. I hope, said Mr. Allworthy, there is not the least constraint. Why there, cries Western, you may bid her unsay all again, if you will. Dost not thou repent of thy promise, Sophy? Indeed, Papa, said she, I don't repent; nor do I believe I ever shall, of any promise in favour of Mr. Jones. Then, said Mr. Allworthy, I felicitate you on this joyful occasion. Mr. Western then declared, that they would have a merry night of it; but Mr. Allworthy informing him that he was engaged, and could not break his word, the 'squire proposed to go with him, and to take Sophy, for he could not part with him, and he observed, that it would be barbarous to part Tom and the girl. Mr. Allworthy embraced the proposal with pleasure, and Sophia consented, having first obtained a private promise from her father to take no notice of the approaching marriage.

When Mr. Allworthy and his company arrived, Mrs. Miller no sooner saw Sophia, than she guessed what had happened; and so great was her friendship to Jones, that it added to the transports she felt on the happiness of her

own daughter. In this joyful assembly were the father and uncle of young Mr. Nightingale, who had also brought with him his bride. The evening was spent with great chearfulness. Those were most happy, who had been most unhappy before; their former sufferings and fears giving a double relish to their felicity. But their joy dwelt more in the heart than in the tongue; and Jones and Sophia appeared the least merry of the whole company. However, Mr. Western was so pleased with the chearfulness and good humour of all around him, that he insisted on their dining with him the next day.

The following morning Sophia gave her hand to Jones, in the chapel in Doctors Commons, where Mr Allworthy, Mr. Western, and Mrs. Miller, were the only persons present. The company all arrived before dinner, and the bride did the honours of the table. In the evening Sophia took the first opportunity of withdrawing with the ladies; and the squire sat in to his cups, but was by degrees deserted by all the company, except young Nightingale's uncle, who was engaged at the bottle long after the happy hour which surrendered the lovely Sophia to the eager arms of her enraptured Jones.

Within two days after their marriage, the bride and bridegroom, attended by Mr. Allworthy and Mr. Western, returned into the country, where the latter resigned his fami-

seat, and the greatest part of his estate, to his son-in-law; he himself retiring to a smaller house of his, better situated for hunting. He, however, frequently visited Mr. Jones, who, as well as his daughter, has great delight in doing every thing in their power to please him.

Mr. Allworthy was also greatly liberal to Mr. Jones on his marriage; and omitted no instance of shewing his affection to him and his lady, who love him as a father. The principles of religion and virtue have been deeply rooted in the mind of Jones by his conversation with this good man, and by his union with the lovely and virtuous Sophia. The tender affection of this happy couple is strengthened by their mutual endearments, and mutual esteem. They are the delight of their relations and friends; and there is not a neighbour, a tenant, or a servant, who does not bless the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia.

Mr. Jones has prevailed on his uncle to settle 200*l.* a year upon Blifil, to which he has privately added a third. Mr. Nightingale has purchased an estate for his son in the neighbourhood of Mr. Jones, where the young gentleman, his lady, Mrs. Miller, and her other children reside; and the most agreeable intercourse subsists between the two families. As to those of lower rank, Mr. Jones has settled 50*l.* a year on Partridge, who has again set up a school, in which he meets with better success than formerly; and Mrs. Waters having

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also returned into the country, has a pension of 60*l.* settled upon her by Mr. Allworthy, and is happily married.



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